THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE CROSS ABOVE MY BOOKS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In idle mood of long ago,
I graved a cross deep in the wall:
My books lie on the shelves below,—
My table and my easy chair
Are placed beside the window there
Where the last beams of sunset fall.

And underneath that graven cross
I writ a motto for life's road,—
"Slowly but surely"—thus it was
Alone, but feeling in me then
That man is weak, I wrote again,
And added, "by the help of God."

And here I sit me day by day
To think and toil and dream,
As life's calm hours glide swift away,
Contented if I feel each eve
That wiser I my labors leave,
If slow yet sure my progress seem.

And by the night lamp's quivering light,
I see that dark cross fixed on high,
Its image lingers on my sight,
I read the cross on every page,
The banner of our youth and age,
The last of earth to meet the eye.

Those words are graven on my soul,
Old Time has writ them with his rod,
They keep my earnest purpose whole—
Slowly to rise by toil and care,
Surely to tread where mind may dare,
And conquer *by the help of God.*

Dickinson College. W. WELLS.

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYRTLE AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLAGGS," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPPAMOYNE LANDS.

Some pleasant days of fishing and sight-seeing served to while away one of the most agreeable weeks I had ever spent. St. John and Morley were obliged to return to Cahir before I was permitted to leave the hospitable house of the Barnetts; and after the week was concluded, our party there consisted of the host and his sister, Sir Percy Stedmole, Mr. Nugent, and myself. I need not say that every day now added to my admiration of Miss Barnett. When once slightly grazed by a love-dart, it is seldom that the wound is not repeated with more forcible and deadly aim. I looked forward to leaving Knockgriffin with the greatest despair, never having yet dared to breathe a syllable of my devotion to the object of it. The more I found how deeply my happiness for life was concerned in the issue of this attachment, the more I trembled at the bare idea of trying my fate. I could not think of remaining longer than a few days more at the Barnetts', and it was not likely that I should be asked to Knockgriffin again. Sir Denis spoke of going to Harrowgate at the end of July, and after that he and his sister were to go to Paris; thus, in all probability, we might never meet again. My company would not be detached at Cashel for possibly more than a couple of months longer, and then Heaven only knew to what dismal point I might be banished. Very ardently I hoped that some good fortune would come to help me in my misery.

"I am going now to give my last orders respecting the Cappamoyne tenants," said Sir Denis, one day after breakfast. "I prefer speaking to them myself, to deputing Doheny to go among them: he is too timid in giving my directions; and besides, it is scarcely fair, perhaps, to employ him on such a business. One should not impose too much upon an agent."

Miss Barnett's cheek changed color rapidly as her brother spoke. She was first red, then pale, and again flushed with a feverish glow over her face; but she did not make any remark.

"If I were you, Barnett, I'd see the tenants hanged before I'd speak to one of them," said Nugent emphatically. "Take my advice, and leave the matter to Doheny: he knows how to come round those sort of fellows better than you do; and by the time you're safe on the continent they'll all be ejected peaceably. They know Doheny must obey your orders, and they'll not be half so enraged with him as with yourself."

"I will not expose him to more risk than is absolutely necessary," returned Barnett, firmly. "It would be the act of a dastard to go off from Knockgriffin and leave him to encounter all the wrath of the Cappamoyne people alone. I must wait here till I see the cottages demolished, and—"

"Then you're a madman!" exclaimed Nugent, almost losing command of his temper.

"Decidedly you are foolhardy, Barnett," said Sir Percy, who was looking thoughtfully on the ground. All the time I was looking at Miss Barnett, who suddenly raised her eyes and caught my earnest gaze. She had the aspect of a person nerving herself for a terrible trial.

"Will any one come out with me to Cappamoyne?" asked Sir Denis, at length, gayly.

"Not a foot I'll go," said Nugent, bluntly, while he still looked almost fierce.

"I shall be engaged for the next two hours with business letters," observed Sir Percy, after some hesitation. "But really, Barnett, you seem altogether too daring."

"Never mind me, Stedmole," interrupted Sir Denis. "I have made up my mind on that point. What say you to a walk, Captain Stapleton, or are you engaged also?" And I thought a rather quizzical smile played on my host's face as he turned to address myself.

"I shall be most happy to accompany you," said I, and as I spoke I observed that Miss Barnett's eyes met mine again; and this time they expressed a feeling of interest and approbation that made my heart beat quicker than before.

Stedmole coughed, and drummed for a second on the table with his fingers. I thought he looked annoyed, as he hurried from the room a few moments afterwards.

Barnett and I were soon on the way to the devoted homesteads of about fifteen small householders, called cottiers in Ireland; and my companion beguiled our walk with much pleasant chat, pointing out here and there what he wished to be done towards improving his estate. Occasionally I ventured, for his sister's sake, to remonstrate with him upon the danger of exposing himself to the anger of so many wild people; but he met all my efforts with arguments that he considered unanswerable.

"I would as soon be dead at once as always living in a state of dread," he said, gravely. "Unless I choose to part with my family property, I must remain occasionally in Tipperary; and what would be the use of having a property at all if I dared not plan any reasonable improvement on it? If we allowed ourselves to be terrified into a meek acquiescence with all the requirements of our tenantry in this county we might soon expect to become the ejected ourselves. We should tremble at the idea of asking for rent or even at issuing orders to our workmen. I must have my own way with my own property; and if I am shot for it, of course there will be an end to me and my plans."

"Consider what a blow it would be to your sister if anything should befall you," murmured I.

"Oh yes! poor Louisa would feel it much; but just look at those terrible little cabins scattered over there, so black and dirty: they are a disgrace to any landlord."

We were now very near to the objectionable *locale;* and as we approached the dwellings I observed that the few men visible in the vicinity had a dogged, downcast air. Some touched their hats sullenly as we passed, others kept digging pertinaciously at their patches of ground without lifting their heads. As we came near a cottage rather cleaner than the rest, with a few china roses and some woodbine clustering round its walls, a tall, dark-haired young man, apparently about twenty-five, with a handsome face and figure, came forth to meet us, and, looking my companion full in the face, he touched his straw hat slightly as he observed—

"And so, Sir Denis, you've determined that we're to give up possession of our holdings hereabout at once?"

"Yes; you knew that long ago, Ryan. I hope you are making preparations to give up your house. There is only a month or six weeks to delay now," replied Barnett.

"And do you call that justice, or humanity, Sir Denis?" inquired the young man, still looking full at his landlord. "Do you expect that luck or grace can attend the man, high or low, that takes the old roof tree from his neighbor's head? That spot of ground, and the cottage on it, have been in my father's family for upwards of seventy years, and it's mine now; and I'd rather stop inside its walls than live in another place three times as good. Nothing will make up to me for its loss, Sir Denis. If I have to leave Cappamoyne I'll leave Ireland altogether. I'll never take up with any other spot in Tipperary."

"You are standing in the way of your own interests, Ryan," said Barnett. "All those who give up their holdings quietly will preserve my favor; but those who occasion trouble cannot expect the same consideration. Every house on this land must be vacated by the end of July, or else the law will have to interfere. You know I have been a kind landlord through the last five years. I have never made an ejectment of any tenant in all that time; and I have forgiven the payment of many arrears, and scarcely ever pressed for rent at an inconvenient time. Mr. Doheny has received orders from me to act in every instance with kindness and forbearance."

Ryan muttered something that sounded to my ears very like "He daren't do anything else;" but Barnett did not seem to hear the scarcely-audible comment.

"There's more than me unwilling to quit Cappamoyne," continued Ryan aloud. "I'm not the only firebrand among the tenants on the land. I honor the family you belong to, Sir Denis. My father and grandfather served the Barnetts faithfully, and gloried in the prosperity of Knockgriffin; but there's such a thing as being roused up to forget the past, and think only of present wrong. Believe me, Sir Denis, I'd as lief be dead as cast out of my father's holding at Cappamoyne!"

The man looked unflinchingly as he spoke both at my companion and myself, his dark eye gleaming with a bandit light that seemed to

express more than his words did. His countenance was agitated, and his earnestness made me pity him from my heart, though, of course, I felt a natural distrust of him, on my friend's account.

"Come, come, Ryan," said Barnett gayly. "Never mind about leaving that poor cabin yonder. I'll give you a cottage at Carrickfinn, where you and Mary will live as happily as the day is long. You are going to marry our pretty Moll Killery at once, I hear."

"It's not settled yet, sir," replied the young man, for once assuming an abashed air. "You see, one can't think of such things when they don't know whether they may be here or a thousand miles off, or may be worse, before three or four months are gone by. Suppose now, your honor, you were to be deprived of Knockgriffin, and the mansion, and all your ancestor's property, I'll engage you'd think a while before you'd settle about marrying."

"I would not hesitate long if I was to get a much finer estate in place of the old one," replied Sir Denis good-humoredly. "You know, Ryan, you will be able to bring your wife to a much better cottage at Carrickfinn than this house at Cappamoyne."

"I'll never bring her to Carrickfinn, Sir Denis," said the young man, gloomily.

"You can do as you please about that," resumed Barnett, relapsing into dignified gravity; "but remember, that Mr. Doheny has received directions to take up the lands and houses of Cappamoyne before August." And with these words my friend walked away from his discomfited tenant.

We passed over the devoted ground, and Barnett called in at almost every cabin to give his last personal orders respecting their evacuation at the end of a few weeks. There were tears on the part of the women of the families; remonstrances, and, in many instances, sharp words on the part of the men.

One most beautiful young woman in particular was very earnest in her appeals to the humanity of Sir Denis. This was pretty Mary Killery, Ryan's sweetheart; and I certainly never saw a lovelier specimen of Irish beauty than she was, with her rich brunette complexion, dark glossy hair, flashing black eyes, and exquisitely chiselled features, while her air and figure possessed that native dignity which is so common among the Limerick and Tipperary women.

"For God's sake, Sir Denis, think what you're about," she said, as she followed us for a little way from the door of her father's house. "It's not only for our sakes, but for your own. There's upwards of forty people here at Cappamoyne, and who knows which of them would be ready to do an evil turn any day? Oh, for the love of Heaven, and the blessed Virgin, do what you can to prevent bloodshed and disorder, and, may be, hanging in the front of Clonmel jail before the summer's out!"

Barnett tried to joke and laugh her out of her distress, but in vain. She wrung her hands, and the tears gathered in her large, lustrous eyes as she continued her prayers.

"Can't the English gentleman there put in a word for us?" she asked at length, appealing for my intercession. "Oh, sir, tell Sir Denis he may have cause to repent driving out so many poor tenants from their houses; and Miss Louisa, maybe, will have many a long year of bitter grief to spend for the work of a few days!"

I was quite unable to say anything in reply to this address; and after a time Barnett and I hurried onwards, coming out once more upon the less uncivilized portions of the estate. It was impossible for me, of course, to surmise correctly how this unhappy business of ejectment would turn out. I was merely concerned for my friend, though I could not help admiring the courage with which he determined to persevere in doing what seemed to him right and proper. I could only hope sincerely that he might be safe on the continent before steps might be taken to sacrifice him to the wild spirit of revenge that had for so many years characterized the lawless peasantry of Tipperary.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST THREATENING LETTER.

Miss Barnett received her brother and me with cheeks still flushed from nervous excitement, when we returned from our morning walk, and narrated what had been done and said during our visit to Cappamoyne.

"They are determined to fight it out to the last moment," observed Sir Denis, as we sat down to luncheon; "but they will find that I am not to be trifled with."

"Ay, or maybe you'll find out that they won't be trifled with," said Nugent gruffly.

"Dreadful people these Tipperary ruffians!" ejaculated Sir Percy Stedmole.

"Were you not afraid of becoming a marked man, Captain Stapleton, by appearing with my brother on his dangerous rounds to-day?" asked Miss Barnett, looking at me with a smile in her eye.

"Not at all; I should like, however, to be such a hero as Sir Denis. I was playing a very passive part in the morning's proceedings—risking nothing, and of course with nothing to fear."

"Don't be so sure of that," growled Nugent. "You know I told you Barnett was dangerous company. Many a man's shot in the wrong place in these parts, Captain. I knew two or three myself that got the bullets intended for their friends."

"You had better take care of me, Stapleton," said Barnett, smiling. "In future I must expect to be shunned, like the plague, by all my former acquaintances."

"And the dence pity you," observed Mr. Nugent, politely.

"You evidently think us all very cowardly, Barnett," said Sir Percy, languidly.

"Oh, not *all* perhaps," resumed Sir Denis, quietly. And then there was a silence of some minutes.

We did not go out anywhere again that day. Barnett was occupied with business matters, and closeted for a long time with his vulgar, round-head, little agent, Mr. Timothy Doheny, whose position at the present crisis was certainly not a very enviable one; yet he did not seem to mind it in the least. Habit has decidedly a vast deal to say to courage; and if women were not cooped up by our social customs in the way they are at present, I have a pretty firm persuasion that the greater part of them would turn out quite as brave under trying circumstances as our so-called superior sex. The wonder is, that they are not turned idiots completely by the system pursued in their education, training, and social condition. Miss Barnett was one of the few women I was ever acquainted with who had the gift of thinking and acting independently, and this was probably owing to her having a fortune that raised her above the petty necessities of the larger portion of her fellow-women. The possession of wealth, and the consciousness of being removed from the dismal alternative of sacrificing herself for a disagreeable matrimonial alliance in order to become rich—or sinking into poverty and semi-starvation as a portionless single woman—gave her a dignity that was very charming. She never seemed setting herself out to gain admiration; but when it was accorded she received it quietly, as a thing of course. We, men, often fancy ourselves very captivating, when alas! all the feeling that we inspire in the fair creatures who seem at our feet, is the desire of sharing our position and our purse. Witness, for instance, how hard it is for a penniless fellow, however handsome, to win an heiress, who is at the same time a beauty. The lovely girls with large fortunes, somehow, always contrive to fall in love with men of rank and title. They "esteem" the others, but adore these, even if they be old and ugly. We object to the gentler sex entering our colleges, studying for prizes and undergoing competitive examinations, lest, forsooth, they lose the softness so charming in our eyes. Alas! alas! I fear we are very green for our pains. Competing with each other for prizes in Greek, or Latin, or Algebra, would not be half so likely to degrade them as the competition going on so perseveringly among them at the present moment. I know the sex pretty well, dear reader, and what their training and dependent position generally make them capable of. My good male friend, have you never felt both disgust and pity when you have watched the simperings, the feverish efforts, the paltry, easily-discovered manœuvres of some poor girl who seizes upon yourself as the only probable way she has of escaping from the misery of becoming a governess, or living in dismal obscurity and in want at home? Oh! sad it is indeed that we can never be quite sure what we may be married for by the women who know perhaps too well what they have married *us* for, and why they have fawned upon us, and cajoled us, and pretended to love us, when probably we may have only inspired them with feelings akin to disgust all the while. Cold as Miss Barnett was, stately as she seemed, I adored her all the more for it. I knew that if I could succeed in winning her, she would indeed be a prize worth treasuring. That noble, high-souled countenance never could belong to a being who harbored mean or unworthy sentiments in her heart. Yet who was I that I could dare to aspire to her hand? Was I good enough or great enough to presume to tell her my love? The more I dwelt upon her superiority the more I determined not to expose myself to the danger of becoming ridiculous in her eyes. The days were passing away. It was now Wednesday, and I must leave Knockgriffin on Saturday evening. Only three days more to stay in that enchanted spot, and then a long separation—a separation that might last perhaps for ever in this world!

"Why, oh why did I ever see her? Why was I asked to dwell under the same roof?" were the words that often rose to my mind. "Can nothing be done for me in my despair—nothing?"

Sir Percy Stedmole seemed now to devote himself entirely to Miss Barnett, for, as in my own case, the term of his stay at Knockgriffin was drawing to an end; though he was differently situated from me, inasmuch as I knew he looked forward to meeting the Barnetts at Harrowgate, and had spoken also of accompanying them to Paris; while I should be obliged to vegetate in gloom and wretchedness in some desolate Irish quarter, bereft of every hope.

"Perseverance can do much," thought I, in bitterness of heart. "Sir Percy will have so many opportunities of seeing Miss Barnett that he may win her yet; and of all men in the world I would like him least to become her husband!"

While still at Knockgriffin I received a note from Travers to this effect:

DEAR STAPLETON—They say we are to be ordered to Templemore almost immediately, to prepare for going to Limerick, where the regiment, bag and baggage, are to be sent at once. Of course, we can't expect to be at headquarters long; so must make up our minds for a sojourn at some place as delightful as this regal city,

where the dogs and pigs seem to increase and multiply daily. How are you getting on at yonder Tipperary mansion? It is said your host has very little chance of surviving many weeks, as he is booked for the end of most landlords in this *locale*. You ought to have been making up to the pretty heiress, Miss Barnett, all this time, as report speaks highly of her thousands; and if you won her you might afford to give up "sojerin," and settle down into a rational being. You must be here by Saturday without fail, as very likely we will get the rout on Monday. With all good wishes for your success with the heiress, believe me,

"Yours truly,
GEORGE TRAVERS."

There was also a letter from my mother, running thus:

"MY DEAR RICHARD—If you knew what anxiety I suffer daily about you in that dreadful Tipperary you would write oftener than you do to me. I would like to receive a line, if possible, *every day*, to be assured that you remain uninjured in the midst of hourly perils among lawless, savage people. I trust sincerely that you will not expose yourself to danger, or gain the ill-will of the peasantry by taking the part of any one against them. I would by no means wish you to behave in a way unbecoming the character of an officer and a brave man; but, pray, always try to get rid of any duty, such as *quelling riots, helping in ejectments*, and other matters obnoxious to the barbarians of that unfortunate county; also, I hear it is dangerous for persons to be on *friendly and familiar terms with any one who is unpopular with his tenantry*, which I hope is not the case with Sir Denis Barnett. I wish, my dear son, you were safe out of Tipperary. I shall never have a moment's peace till I hear of your being ordered elsewhere.

"Your most anxious and
Affectionate mother,
"CATHERINE STAPLETON."

"Heigh-ho, my mother!" said I, as I finished reading this epistle. "I have been done for in Tipperary already—shot regularly through the heart with a deadly aim, and no hope of recovery. Better, perhaps, to have been assassinated in the usual Tipperary form, than lingering and suffering as I am now!"

Wednesday ended; then came Thursday—a wet day, with no stirring abroad, and much billiard playing in the afternoon, and loitering in and out of the rooms, looking at the sky, snatching up a book in the library and vainly trying to read it, or going through the conservatory and everlooking the exotics there. Had I been able to go out and walk, I might not have been so utterly wretched; but that was impossible. It was one of those heavy-rainy days of the full summer time—warm, fragrant, and hopeless as to clearing up. Miss Barnett was hid away all the afternoon, invisible to the eyes of mortal men, and I felt undeniably miserable. Is there anything much more dreary than a wet day in the country, when you are cooped up in a large house, watching the rain-streams as they fall from the leaden sky, deluging grass and foliage, and especially if you happen to be out of spirits?

"If to-morrow is fine, we might ride to see Athassel Abbey," said Sir Denis, as he and I stood looking out of the window. "I shall have some business to do at Golden, and must start early, as the distance is considerable."

"Then the ruin of Athassel will be on the way?" said I, caring very little, if the truth is told, where I rode to.

"Yes, we shall pass it going to Golden; and the country along that direction is worth seeing, being well cultivated and really picturesque. You should not leave Tipperary without admiring our 'Golden Vale' that we are so proud of."

"Leave Tipperary!" I mentally repeated, while my heart sank. "Would to Heaven I had never beheld a spot of its ground!"

That evening at dinner I found it hard to support any conversation. Miss Barnett was placid, stately, and calm as usual, often seeming absorbed in reflection. I knew that she was thinking of her brother. I did not presume to imagine that my approaching departure would give her an hour's regret. Once or twice when I alluded to the subject of my leaving Knockgriffin, and subsequent removal from Tipperary altogether, she betrayed no sign of feeling, that I could see, even had I been the veriest coxcomb in the kingdom. It was terrible to think that I had only one other day to live before my fate must perhaps be sealed forever!

Were I inclined to moralise I might here remark that what really did occur the next day seemed very like as though ordained to point out to me how little any mortal could dare to reckon upon what a day might bring forth. Miss Barnett complained of having caught cold that evening, from going out in the damp to look after some favorite flowers, and she certainly appeared very ill.

The next morning was brilliantly fine, the sun shining, the birds singing gladly. We were all apparently in better spirits than the day before; yet Miss Barnett was still suffering from severe headache, though she made her appearance at breakfast and looked even worse than on the last evening. Mr. Nugent was to go away from Knockgriffin that day, and could not accompany us in our ride to Golden; and as Sir Percy was not willing to go with us either, it was unlikely that Barnett and I would have anyone to break our *tete-a-tete*, all the way, for Miss Barnett's headache rendered her quite unable to be of the party. We were discussing the subject of the ride when the post-bag was brought in. It contained a few papers and only one solitary letter to Sir Denis, who read it, while his face flushed the least shade deeper in color than before.

"What is it, Denis?" asked his sister, whose eyes had intently watched the epistle from the first moment it had been drawn from the bag. It was a dirty-looking, vulgar letter, evidently from some one of humble rank.

"The first of its kind I have ever received," said Barnett. "Listen to the contents, my friends."

And he read out:—

"SIR DENIS BARNETT,—You had best keep at home on to-morrow, Friday, for it is intended to shoot you dead when you appear; and you certainly deserve death, as a reward for what you are about to inflict on innocent, unoffending beings, who will be in wait for you, *no matter where you go. Remember your father*, and repent, or else fly the land as secretly as you can. I wish you well; but I love my comrades and myself better. Mind, you can't say you wern't warned in time, by

"ONE WHO IS WRONGED."

Pale as ashes Miss Barnett grew while her brother read aloud the letter, and then flung it across the table for her to inspect more closely. She made no remark; but held it tightly in her fingers, as if scarcely conscious of what she did.

"There now," said Nugent, looking deeply concerned, "that's how it has turned out."

"Of course you won't ride now," observed Sir Percy, turning to his host.

"My mind has not changed in the least," replied Barnett. "I must go to Golden; but I will not ask any one to accompany me unless they particularly choose to do so."

"Oh! I wish I had not this headache!" exclaimed Miss Barnett, rising to leave the room. "For God's sake, Denis, do not ride out alone to-day!"

"He will not be alone if he must go, Miss Barnett," replied I. "I have promised to accompany him in his ride to-day."

"Thanks," she said hurriedly, in a low tone, as I held the door open for her; "but persuade him not to go if you can:" and then she disappeared, probably to give vent to her excited feelings in a burst of tears.

"Is it of necessity, Sir Denis, that you go out to-day?" I asked, as I sat down again.

"Yes, my dear fellow; and now, since receiving this friendly letter, I must go faster than ever. If I stayed at home to-day I might never expect to live in Tipperary again with peace, credit, or comfort. Threatening letters would be poured upon me if I turned a servant away, changed my gardener, or drowned a puppy. I should not be able to follow my own judgment in anything, public or private, under penalty of death. But recollect, Stapleton, I do not wish you to come with me."

"But we agreed upon that point last night, Sir Denis," said I; "if you ride out I must accompany you."

"Just as you please. So now let us order our horses and get ready at once. What an exquisite morning!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE ASSASSIN'S SHOT.

I now found myself placed in rather a novel position—about to accompany a man in a ride of several miles through a lonely country, while impressed with the conviction that at any point of the road he might fall a victim to the ferocity of a lawless tenantry. He was going forth in defiance of a threat and a warning, fully convinced that he would risk as much by staying at home as by braving the danger abroad. Before we set out Barnett came to me with a paper, which he requested me to sign as a witness in company with Tom Nugent. It was a codicil to his will, made long since.

"It is well to have one's affairs all settled," he said pleasantly, when we had both placed our names to the document. "Now, Stapleton, I shall be ready to go in a few moments," and he left the room.

"He's in for it now," said Nugent, who looked grave and anxious; "but he never could have shirked going out this day after getting that notice to intimidate him. If he comes back alive this evening, he'll have gained a triumph that will be of service to him, perhaps as long as he lives. There's nothing like showing you don't care a snap o' your finger for threats of that kind. Barnett is as brave a fellow as ever I saw. See how his hand never shook as he wrote his signature before us there a while ago. God grant I may see him alive again. I think I'll stop at Knockgriffin till you'll be likely to return. I never could rest easy, thinking of that poor young fellow and his sister and all that, if I went home early, as I had fixed to go."

"Now, Stapleton!" called out Barnett's fine ringing voice from the hall; and I hurried to join him. His sister met me as I left the room, and I could perceive that she was much agitated, though not weeping.

"God bless you, Captain Stapleton!" she said, in some excitement. "I thank you from my heart for going with Denis to-day. You may serve to protect him in some measure. Very few would have liked to accompany him this morning; but you are a brave man, and I honor you. Good-bye, and many, many thanks."

She gave me her hand, and I received it with an earnest pressure. Without exaggeration, I may say I would have exposed myself to a far greater amount of danger than I was then likely to incur, merely to receive the reward of such words as had just then greeted my ears. Never did I spring into my saddle with a lighter heart than I did that fresh summer morning, and never before did I think the perfume of the breeze or the look of the country more charming, as we left the demesne and entered upon the high road. Now and then, as we rode along, I thought of my mother's letter and the advice it contained, against which I was directly acting that day. Occasionally, too, I dwelt upon the information Travers had sent me respecting the destiny of our regiment after its removal from Templemore. To-morrow I must be at Cashel again, in all the fuss of packing up and preparing for a move. As the day advanced I grew somewhat dispirited again, and dwelt more deeply on the separation I must endure next day. I forgot all about Sir Denis and his danger, all about the grateful words uttered to myself by his sister; nothing was uppermost in my mind but the terrible fact that I must leave Knockgriffin before twenty-four hours had passed away! We rode over mile after mile of quiet, pleasant country, sometimes chatting, sometimes plunged in thought. I beheld the ruins of Athassel Priory; but cannot say I admired them particularly, my mind was too perturbed to permit me taking note of external things. When Sir Denis had transacted his business at Golden, we turned our horses' heads towards home, having still some hours of broad daylight before us. As usual, there appeared very few wayfarers on the roads. It was a sultry, peaceful evening. The sun, which had been shining warmly all the day, now lessened its power, though the effect of its previous brilliancy yet hovered in the atmosphere. I thought it a very melancholy evening—so still, so unruffled by breath of wind, almost ominous in its oppressiveness.

"Well, the day is nearly over, Stapleton, and a short time will bring us to Knockgriffin," said Barnett, rousing me from a miserable reverie. "So far we have escaped the vigilance of an assassin, if any has been on the watch for me. We are almost within our own boundaries now."

"I am delighted for your sake that the day has turned out so fortunate," replied I, endeavoring to appear glad at anything.

"Such a charming evening as it is too! Let us pause here to watch the effect of the sunset upon those hills."

We checked our horses' pace, and lingered to look at the red rays of the declining sun burnishing some distant heights; and while we paused, admiring the glow and changing hues of the landscape, the report of a gun startled me. A shot had been fired close to where we stood.

I saw that Sir Denis was still, at least, able to keep his saddle; but some confusion of brain overpowered me; and though I heard him exclaim distinctly "Good God, Stapleton!" I had not strength to utter a word, my impression being that he had received a wound, and might fall immediately. Then I grew more bewildered, becoming at last incapable of hearing, or seeing, or understanding.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

The next thing that I became conscious of was some one holding my hand in a light clasp, and tears falling upon it, while stifled sobs fell upon my confused hearing.

"How is Sir Denis?" I endeavored to utter faintly, dreading to hear the answer.

"Quite well; but you must not speak," whispered a soft musical voice that thrilled me.

"But something peculiar has occurred," I continued, trying to shake off the confusion of brain that was overpowering my senses. "I have not been dreaming, surely? Where am I? Who is standing near me?"

"You have been wounded, Captain Stapleton, but not dangerously," replied the same sweet voice. "You are now at Knockgriffin. The surgeon has dressed your arm, and I have promised to take care of you, and prevent your talking too much."

"Thank God it is nothing more!" I exclaimed gratefully, while rapidly returning consciousness revealed to me clearly that I was lying on a sofa in a sitting-room of Knockgriffin House, and that Miss Barnett herself was watching over me. The pain of my arm, the feeling of faintness still oppressing me were completely forgotten as I closed my eyes in a delirium of happiness impossible to describe. It would have been easy for me to have died at that moment with one who was to me as a guardian angel standing thus near.

By degrees I comprehended the whole state of the case. I had been shot in mistake for Sir Denis Barnett. At first it was feared that my unfortunate arm would have been obliged to be amputated; but things turned out better than was expected. The doctors suffered the limb to hold its ground, and I was soon on the way to recovery. I had many days and nights of feverish bodily suffering; yet much mental consolation. I knew that I was an object of tender care to the being who was to me the dearest of all others upon earth. Sir Denis overpowered me with kindness also; and for the weeks that I was an invalid at Knockgriffin I felt as happy as a king; alas! far happier than many kings, I trow!

My regiment, meanwhile, had left Templemore and gone to Limerick. Fate had decreed that I was to remain for some time longer in Tipperary; and though she certainly took somewhat rough measures to fulfill my destiny, I thanked her nevertheless devoutly. In a short time I was an interesting-looking individual—going about with an arm in a sling, with a languid appearance, pale complexion, and sentimental eyes—a hero in the estimation of everybody, including, probably, the person who had shot me, and adored by the servants, who were nearly all attached to Sir Denis. Sir Percy Stedmole quitted Knockgriffin on "urgent business" immediately after my mishap, and Nugent remained there only long enough to ascertain that I was not mortally wounded. Barnett and his sister put off going to Harrogate for a month, and during the time I remained with them both devoted themselves entirely to me. The Cappamoyne lands were at length cleared of the objectionable tenantry without further attempt at opposition; but Ryan, the sullen young man who seemed so annoyed at the idea of quitting his ancestral home, went to America almost immediately, taking with him as his bride the beautiful Mary Killery, and thus relieving Barnett probably of a dangerous tenant.

In those happy days of convalescence I perceived that Miss Barnett was quite altered from what she had seemed during my first days at Knockgriffin. Her manner was altogether different—no longer cold, calm, and stately, but full of tenderness and pity. Occasionally she appeared subdued, tremulous, and easily agitated. I was gradually growing less and less afraid of her. In proportion as she betrayed signs of weakness, so did I become more courageous, and at length ventured to breathe my tale of love. I owed her gratitude for her kindness during my illness. What wonder then, that this gratitude should take the deeper character of love? I was not ashamed of declaring my fervent attachment to her now. Even should she reject my suit, I felt that there could be no madness in speaking openly of my love. I did not presume to address her brother upon this point before alluding to it to herself. Louisa Barnett was just the sort of proud-spirited girl who would resent such impertinence on the part of a lover. Very humbly, and without much hope of success, I told her one evening, as we walked before the house among many-hued flower-plots, that from henceforth she must be all in all to me; that she had won my heart irrevocably; and that whether I was doomed to be the most miserable or the happiest of human beings, my love for her could never change. While I spoke she listened silently; and even when I had finished my ardent speech she uttered no word for many moments. There was a long pause of utter stillness; and then she spoke in a low voice, clear, though tremulous.

"Captain Stapleton, I have long determined never to marry." (How my heart sank.) "To live all my life with Denis has, since I grew up and before it, been my fixed resolution. Surrounded as he is in Tipperary by hourly dangers, I could not bear the idea of being separated from him; and as my fortune, I am thankful to say, is very ample, I have no such incentive as most women unhappily have, to urge me to resign a single life, whether inclined to do so or not. Should Denis marry, I have always intended that I would reside within a short distance of Knockgriffin, at the place bequeathed to me by my grandfather, which adjoins my brother's property. You see, therefore, that my husband, should I ever accept one, must either be a thorough Tipperary man, or resigned to make himself one. You know enough of our unhappy county, Captain Stapleton, to understand how little I could venture to urge any one to reside within its boundaries—"

"Anywhere, anywhere with you!" I murmured, interrupting her energetically. "To the end of the earth—in a desert—anywhere, so that I may call you mine!"

"This is only the first ardor of passion, Captain Stapleton. Reflect a little upon what I have said. It is usual for women to follow their husband's fortunes, and leave their own homes and countries for those that are strange to them, but I will never abandon Tipperary as a place of residence, and I can ask no man to live there with me."

"Better and braver men than I am, God knows, are living in Tipperary!" I exclaimed ardently. "Wherever you wish to reside, there will be my home also. And, oh that I had thousands upon thousands to purchase such an estate in this county as would be worthy of such a mistress!"

"I am quite satisfied with what I possess; and if you can really become reconciled to remaining among us here, then I will indeed be proud to be your wife—proud to know that I have the bravest and most generous of men for my husband."

And so we were betrothed, reader. I had won my beautiful Tipperary bride easy enough, Heaven knows, as far as sacrifice on my part went; and I rejoice to say that Sir Denis was perfectly satisfied with his sister's choice, though at the time I proposed and was accepted I had but a small income beyond my military pay. However, three years after we were married I came in for the baronetcy which I had considered myself cut out of by the marriage of my elderly uncle, who died six months after his son and heir was carried off by scarlatina; and then I had a fortune worthy of my wife. Yet I kept my promise of residing in Tipperary for the greater part of every year; and added to our property there, speedily gaining the hearty good-will of our tenants, with whom I never had a disagreement; nor was Sir Denis ever again fired at, at home or abroad, since the memorable evening that I received the shot intended for him, and which I have often returned thanks for as the most fortunate accident of my life.

Louisa is becoming less and less alarmed on her brother's account as time goes on; and as there is a prospect of his marriage, I think she will soon agree to our living more in England. With all its drawbacks, and the failings of the people, I have learned to love my Tipperary home, and to deplore very bitterly the late outrages committed in other parts of the county, praying sincerely that civilization may increase, that true Christianity be established, and that landlord and tenant may learn to live together in peace and unity. THE END.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'BER 3, 1864.

LOOK OUT!

We have reason to believe that several individuals are in the field, claiming to be travelling agents of the LADY'S FRIEND, and professing their ability to take subscriptions at less than the regular prices.

We have no special and favored agents to get subscriptions either for the LADY'S FRIEND or THE POST, and none for whose contracts we are in the least responsible. And the mere fact of offering to take subscriptions at less than the regular prices, should convince every sensible man and woman that the professed agent is an impostor.

That men and women will trust their money to individuals of whom they have no knowledge, in preference even to their own acquaintances, in the hope of saving a few cents, is curious indeed.

We hear of these travelling agents already in Black Earth, Wisconsin, and in Centre and Susquehanna counties, Pennsylvania.

Beware of them. If you join a club, join one in your own neighborhood. You had better send the price of a single subscription direct to us by mail, than lose your money by listening to some plausible rascal, who professes his ability to give you some unfair advantage over others. *We should be obliged to our friends of the country press, if they would call attention to these impostors.*

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A **FRENCH** DETECTIVE. By "WATKINS." Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

All military interest now centres in Sherman, and his bold expedition through the heart of the Cotton States. He seems determined to test whether the Confederacy is anything more than a mere shell. As we write this, we have a doubtful rumor that he has taken Macon and Milledgeville. It is doubtful, though there is nothing improbable in it. As to the story that he has burned those places, it would follow as a mere exaggeration of the destruction of the rebel arsenals and other confederate buildings.

The *Philadelphia Press* says: "November in Georgia is as mild as early September in the North. Fruit trees were blossoming at Atlanta on the 11th of this month. Provisions will be removed, roads will be obstructed, bridges destroyed. But there is but one obstacle that Sherman cannot surmount—an army as large as his own, commanded by a general as able. He has gone upon this bold and mighty expedition not recklessly, but with thorough knowledge of his own resources and those of the enemy. *For two months he prepared for a movement, which was contemplated six months ago, and was known to General Grant, the Secretary of War, and the President, when our army first marched from Chattanooga, in the early summer.* It is not likely that the improvised and unmilitary opposition of the citizens of Georgia will cause a week's delay in the colossal and thoroughly organized campaign of a first-class army. Georgia is abandoned to her fate, to the mercy of her invaders, and the courage of her people."

Hood meantime menaces Tennessee—but Gen. Thomas has been reinforced, and is believed to be sufficiently strong to manage the rebels in that quarter. Beauregard calls upon the Georgians to rise *en masse*, and says he is coming to their rescue. But it is "a far cry to *Sherman*" from where Hood's army is, and every movement doubtless would be immediately followed up by Gen. Thomas. No, Hood's diversion, if he can make one, in Tennessee, would seem to be his only practicable and effective movement. If he were to meet and defeat Thomas, it would be bad for us—but then supposing that Thomas defeats him? The Confederacy goes up. The Union can afford to lose an army or two; the rebels cannot.

Lee is said to be sending off troops to meet Sherman. It would almost seem as if he must do it. But then he gives Grant an advantage in Virginia, which the latter will surely try to improve.

It is never well or wise to be too sanguine—and for this reason we refrain from rejoicing over the present situation. If Sherman should be able to carry out his programme successfully, it will be time enough for exultation. The recent resolution passed by the Confederate Congress proves that there is no use even in trying at present to make peace with the leaders of the rebellion. The sword must still devour for a season—for they will have it so. Sherman and Grant, however, may, before many months, either change the minds of the rebel legislators, or put them in such a position that what they think and resolve will be a matter of comparatively little consequence.

Ultra Fashions.

A Paris letter of October 22d says:—"It is impossible to walk about Paris and not be struck with the number of eccentric personages, and still stranger costumes, which seems to be just now let loose upon the capital; and this induces me to offer a few remarks on the subject of fashions—modern fashions in general, I mean—to your fair readers, lest they should fall into the same errors as I perceive several lady tourists have evidently done. These, or a few of these, appear in the streets and promenades in coat-tails of the most decided shapes, epaulettes, skirts tucked up and displaying boots reaching above the middle of the leg, broad sashes reaching nearly under the arms, and *directoire* or high melon-shaped hats of the most outrageously hideous description, surmounting *chignons* resting on their shoulders. I followed myself two such figures as I have described, (or rather attempted to describe, for it would be impossible to give an idea of the effect produced by the *ensemble*,) up the Rue Castigliene, till near the Tuileries, so many persons were following evidently from the same motives, that one turned back for fear of a crowd, whose remarks would have been anything but gratifying to the fair votaries of fashion could they but have overheard them. Now, there is no doubt all the articles worn as above *are* described in books and articles on fashions; a few *elegantes* of the *Grande Monde* have also occasionally adopted some or all of these on particular occasions, such as for shooting parties, race days, or in picnics; but they have never become the habitual dress of persons *comme il faut*; and one must trust they never will, as exhibited in the few cases spoken of. Even when worn at all, they are so modified by passing through the hands of a first-rate milliner, as not to be recognizable with the grotesque habiliments of those awkward imitators, who simply made themselves ridiculous, after, no doubt, much labor and trouble expended on their toilettes. The fashions of the day are, no doubt, exaggerated in themselves, and peculiarly liable, therefore, to grow still more so; but it is exactly in keeping within the boundary lines of good taste and decorum that the true genius of lady-like dressing will show itself. What a Mme. de Galliffet, who, pretty and elegant, and *petite* in figure and face, may wear for one day, as a novelty on the race-course, is by no means suited to an every-day walking costume."

☞ The Pekin Gazette publishes a report from the Chinese Government on the extinction of the rebellion, which ends with the following words: "It is, therefore, most needful that thanks be offered to the gods for their assistance. Wherefore the Board of Rites is directed to examine into the services rendered by the different gods, and to report to us."

☞ In Richmond some cannon intended for General Early, in the Shenandoah Valley, were directed to "Major-General Early." Some Union sympathizers there got a marking-pot and wrote over the address "General Philip Sheridan, care of ——" much to the indignation of the rebel authorities.

☞ Among the curiosities of the Sailor's Fair, at Boston, there is a miniature steam engine, made by two soldiers of the army before Petersburg, from materials picked up on the battle-fields. It is a perfect machine, and works admirably.

☞ Colt's arms are useful when you want to fight, but if you want to run away, colt's legs are better.

☞ All our natural actions are done without thought, and we can make breathing a difficulty by thinking about it.

Soldiers' Cemeteries.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT CHATTANOOGA—FLOWERS FOR ITS DECORATION.

A little south and east of the village of Chattanooga there is a gentle, rising eminence, with an undulating surface, unscarred by the plough, and never broken up by rifle-pits or fortifications. The spectator standing upon it, and looking towards the town, sees on his right the long line of Mission Ridge, stretching up to its intersection with the Tennessee, and following the serpentine course of the stream to the left, he gazes into the embrasures of the forts, with which all the hills of Chattanooga are crowded, shutting out here and there the river, till it sweeps down behind Cameron Hill, striking the base of Lookout Mountain, which towers upon the left, where, with a rebound, it turns almost upon itself around Moccasin Point and in the distance breaks through the narrow gorge between Raccoon Mountain and Walden's Ridge. Upon one side of the spectator passes the carriage road leading through the hills about Rossville to the bloody fields of Chickamauga, and upon the other, at some little distance, the railroad leads out with a sweeping curve, passes under Mission Ridge, and stretches along to Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Dalton, Resaca, Kenesaw, and Atlanta. This point, with admirable taste, has been chosen as the final resting place of the heroes of these many fields. Under the energetic superintendence of Chaplain Thomas Van Horne, who has been assigned to this work by Major-General Thomas, the grounds are already surrounded by a neat and substantial stone wall, the slopes of the hill laid out into graceful sections, separated by broad avenues and carriage drives. Many ornamental trees have already been planted, and ultimately the summit is to be crowned with a monument worthy of the place and its treasures. The dead from the temporary burial places about Chattanooga have already been removed to this cemetery; those killed in action at the battles of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, and those who have died in hospitals at Chattanooga, are here interred. Many have been transferred from Chickamaugn, and all remaining there, and as many as possible from the fields below, are to be removed as rapidly as it can be done, and deposited here. Many of the sections are already filled, neatly turfed and trimmed, and dotted here and there with permanent monuments. Several nurserymen of the North have volunteered their aid in covering the whole of these grounds with perpetual verdure and bloom, and there must be many thousands scattered through the cities, villages, and townships of the North who would esteem it an especial privilege to contribute aid to this work. This privilege is placed in their power, we believe, by the Sanitary Commission. It announces its readiness to receive contributions of such a character. The superintendent of the cemetery hopes to receive flowers through this channel, and asks that the flowers, like the honored dead, should be gathered from all over the North. But everything that is sent should be a spontaneous gift; nothing should be begged, and nothing should be given grudgingly. The plants should all be selected with care, and all be worthy of the place and of its dead. Among the plants selected there should be an assortment of azalias, rhododendrons, magnolias, perpetual roses, and *other plants*, esteemed tender at the North, as they will be perfectly hardy in this latitude. Who is there who does not desire to be represented by at least one of the choicest plants that can be procured in his neighborhood?

THE ATLANTA CEMETERY.

The grounds of the Atlanta Cemetery comprise some ten acres, more than half of which is covered with the victims of war, Union and rebel officers and privates, all crowded together so close that their coffins must touch each other. The part used as the rebel burial-ground is about four acres, and all the graves are marked, some with neat yet unassuming marble slabs. At least eight or ten thousand rebel dead must sleep in these narrow trenches. "In an obscure corner," says a visitor, "I found the plat set aside for deceased prisoners, and halting, I read upon the headboards many names of families from Maine to Nebraska, and, remembering that at home in the great North there are scores of crushed hearts who know not where their dear ones sleep, I felt than an hour could not be better spent than in deciphering the almost obliberated pencil marks upon the slabs. In every instance where the name of the sleeper is unknown, the inscription is not 'an unknown Yankee,' as formerly, but 'a Federal soldier, name unknown.'"

☞ HEAVY SNOW IN THE WEST.—Emigrants and returning gold hunters have had a hard time in the mountains, for one of the severest snow storms ever known in the West visited the region of Denver City on the 29th of October. The snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches on a level at Denver, and much deeper farther West.

☞ Richard Hildreth, the historian, who has been Consul at Trieste for the last four years, is now hopelessly insane. He is a victim to softening of the brain, that terrible scourge of hard-worked literary men.

☞ An exceedingly modest young lady desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said: "I'll take the part that ought to be dressed in drawers."

☞ Miss Mary Bedell, of Coxsackie, New York, while driving a nail, a few days ago, accidentally struck the end of her forefinger with a hammer. It was but slightly hurt, and she continued about her work. Three days afterwards the finger began to swell, and it became very sore. Medical aid was procured, but it continued to grow worse, when mortification of the whole arm set in, and she died the tenth day after the blow with the hammer.

☞ The physicians of Georgia have increased their charges, the Governor of the state has appointed a Commissioner to reduce their fees, under penalty for disobedience on the part of the doctors of being sent to the front.

☞ BEER.—Mr. Elihu Burritt ascribes much of the poverty of English laborers to the inordinate quantity of beer they drink. They pour most of their weekly earnings down their throats. He proves by figures that three years' beer money of an English farm laborer would pay for five acres of rich prairie land on the Illinois Central Railroad, his fare by sea and land to them, and leave him three pounds in his pocket to commence their cultivation with.

☞ "Praise is not worth much," says a German writer, "and I always take care, when I am its object, to receive it as a pleasant sensation, as a metal which has not been assayed, and, if I do not use caution, as very probably a source of injury. Praise should always be considered a free-will offering, rather than as a deserved reward.

Snubbing our Friends.

There are men exemplary in all the duties of life, who never pass a day without snubbing somebody—their wives, (of course natural victims, used to be told that they say nothing and do nothing right,) their children, their servants, their underlings, their acquaintances, their associates. Every day something has passed their lips which has acted like a blow at the time, and worked on the recollection like a blister, which has been repeated with querulous soreness, and been passed on to the world as a fresh trait of character, which has added to the growing barrier which daily rises between the man and his species. Not that we can cut him—we do not even wish to do so. All the ceremonies of friendly intercourse continue to pass between us; there is no reason they should ever be left off. But at every encounter he gets farther and farther away from our secrets. One by one he loses the key to the hearts of his friends, who stand up in his presence, with instinctive caution, till we doubt not he often in his inner heart wonders at his own isolation. For our part we are sincerely sorry for him; and we are so conscious besides that men may have the habit without knowing it, that we would offer one general counsel—never under any temptation to practice a talent for setting down people worth caring for. Risk a good deal, take a circuitous route, leave good advice unsaid, or said in less trenchant telling fashion, bear irritations, nuisances, what not, rather than inflict any sudden wound on your friend's self-love. Do not put him, on your behalf, on the duty of Christian forgiveness. Allow him to rest in some ignorance of your opinion, even though you may believe it more to his advantage than it happens to be. Submit to be incomplete; sacrifice the pleasure of being sharp and acute at his expense; for it is very certain that he will not like you the better, and very unlikely also that he should himself be the better, for your having made him feel like, and perhaps look like, a fool. If he is often put under the apprehension of it, the least that can be expected of him is, that he will eschew your confidence, and carefully keep on the windy side of intimacy.—*Essays on Social Subjects.*

Prevention of Rust in Iron.

Many a valuable hint is to be obtained from an intelligent practical laboring man, which may lead the philosopher into a train of ideas that may, perhaps, result in discoveries or inventions of great importance. When bricklayers leave off work for a day or two, as from Saturday to Monday, they push their trowel in and out of the soft mortar, so that the bright steel may be smeared all over with a film of it, and find this plan an effectual remedy against rust. In Wren's "Parentali" there is a passage bearing upon this subject: "In taking out iron cramps and ties from stonework, a least 400 years old, which were so imbedded in mortar that all air was perfectly excluded, the iron appeared as fresh as from the forge." Oxygen, which is the main cause of rust, is abundant in the composition of both water and the atmosphere; and that quick lime has an astonishing affinity for it is evinced in the homely practice of preserving polished steel or iron goods, such as fire-irons, fenders, and the fronts of bright stoves, when not in use, by shaking a little powdered lime on them out of a muslin bag, which is sufficient to prevent their rusting.

Another instance, very different and far more delicate, bearing upon the same principles:—The manufacturers of needles, watch-springs, cutlery, etc., generally introduce a small package of quicklime into the box or parcel with polished steel goods, as security from rust, before sending it to a distant consumer, or stowing it away for further use. These cases are extremely curious, because, as a general rule, bright steel or iron has a most powerful affinity for oxygen; consequently it is very readily acted upon by damp, and is rusted in a short time, either by decomposing the water and obtaining oxygen from that source, or direct from the atmosphere. It is not absolutely essential that the quick lime should be in actual contact with the metal, but if somewhere near, as in the parcel of lime packed up with the needles or watch-springs, the bright metal will remain a long while without the least alteration in its appearance; the lime (which is already an oxyd of calcium) either receiving an additional dose of oxygen or being converted into a carbonate of lime.—*Scientific American.*

An Old Shoe.

The superstitions connected with the shoe seem to be of very old date, although it is impossible to fix precisely the origin of the custom of throwing it after the bride. It has from very old times been considered a lucky omen by the populace to throw an old shoe after any one who is changing his or her residence and undertaking new duties. It is, no doubt, with this feeling in the bride's case, that her friends keep up the custom as a last sign of their good wishes for her happiness on leaving the home of her early days. In Ireland it was, in former days, the custom to elect a person to any office by the ceremony of throwing an old shoe over his head. Grose, writing about a hundred years ago, observes that, "Throwing an old shoe after any one going on an important business, is by the vulgar deemed lucky; and in another author (1598,) the following lines occur:

And home agayne hitherward, quick as a bee.
Now, for good lucke, cast an old shoe after me!

Again, in a very old book called "The Raven's Almanacke," an individual is mentioned who "At the shutting of his shop could have bene content to have had all his neighbors have throwne his old shooes after him when hee went home, in signe of good lucke." Among the Romans the makers of shoes were highly esteemed; and the profession was considered so sacred a one, that it was held to be inalienable. The fashion of making them "rights and lefts," is a very ancient one, and the placing of either on the contrary foot was esteemed the forerunner of much ill-luck. Pliny mentions the consternation of the Emperor Augustus when so great a misfortune befell him!—*Crispin.*

☞ FURS.—Concerning winter toilettes, the fashion oracles state that furs are not so strictly fashionable as they were three or four years ago. Rich black velvet and the heavy, expensive corded silk, for outside garments, are considered more distingue.

☞ A drover in Cincinnati dropped a roll of money containing $400, in green backs, a few days ago, which a cow in his drove picked up and swallowed. The animal was killed, the mass of bills was taken from her stomach and cleaned, but only $186 out of the $400 were recovered in a fit condition to use.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by MRS. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

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SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

A YOUNG HERO.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Times thus describes Lieut. Cushing, who blew up the Albemarle:—

"The most astounding part of this narrative is that the hero of it is a youth of only twenty-two years of age, with a record already summed up of which many gray beards would be proud. When introduced to him, I could scarcely reconcile the fact that the unassuming young man before me, with his frank, open countenance, and long hair thrown wildly back behind his ears, looking like some student just escaped from college for a little frolic, was the man whose name is already and so justly before the public. Apart from the glory which such episodes throw around the character of our navy this destruction of the rebel ram Albemarle is a really important affair. It has, for months past, kept employed in watching and at bay at least five of our double-enders, and some five or six other vessels, which will now be released for any other kind of duty."

WEAR seemly gloves, not black nor yet too light,
Nor ever wear a pair that once were white;
With the past party, where you told your loves,
Be buried all your dead bouquets and gloves.
Shave like a goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent, don't neglect your kids.

LATEST NEWS.

The Savannah News, of the 23d, contains a telegram from Augusta, reporting the capture of Milledgeville and Gordon on the 21st. The Statehouse, Governor's mansion and penetentiaries were burned. The Augusta Constitutionalist, of Monday last, announces the burning of the Oconee bridge, five miles above Gordon, by a small force of Federal cavalry. The Governor of South Carolina has ordered the reserve militia to assemble at Hamburg, and the Governor of Georgia has ordered a levy en masse.

Two steamers arrived at Annapolis on Sunday, with 1,246 paroled prisoners from Savannah. The captain of one reports that the exchange was stopped on the 25th, Sherman having cut off the railroads leading to Savannah.

Hood's army has been concentrating for some days south of Columbia, Tenn. Our forces have evacuated Pulaski, Huntsville and Decatur, and are now in Hood's front, under Gen. Thomas. Some severe skirmishing occurred on the 24th. Heavy fighting is expected soon.

Gen. Burbridge and his command have arrived at Cumberland Gap.

The President has refused to receive the peace address sent here from England.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Profiting by the recently discovered incendiarism in New York, additional watchers and guards have been placed in the hotels, Government buildings and depots, and other measures have been adopted as a precaution against similar attempts in this city.

☞ A witness recently examined in an English court, on being requested to define the meaning of an oath, answered "that it was taking God's name in vain." The same witness, in the course of examination, testified that "the plaintiff cried murder after he was insensible."

☞ The system of figures now in use in the civilized world originated with the Hindoos. It is falsely styled the Arabic.

☞ An unstained Aphrodite may be born out of the Dead Sea of dissolute society, as pure dew and rain arise out of the briny waters of the ocean.

☞ Rebel-song of the future—"My *Nary* land."

☞ France has received forty millions of dollars as the first fruits of her intervention in Mexico.

☞ PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT.—A humorous writer in the Chicago Post describes how he got out of a bad scrape in the Police Court: "The next morning the Judge of the Police Court sent for me. I went down, and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast, 'Guilty or not guilty?' I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I was requested to lend the city ten dollars."

☞ The Concord (N. H.) Monitor learns that in some of the towns in that county snow drifted in piles of six and eight feet deep on Sunday last, and that persons in getting up their young cattle from outlying pastures last Wednesday had to break paths in some places to get through. The snow is now two feet deep on a level on the White Mountains. Some of the drifts are twenty feet deep.

☞ A few days since while the Union and rebel flag of truce boats were holding a conference at the entrance of Charleston harbor, a most beautiful phenomenon appeared to spectators standing upon the bluffs of Morris Island. A rainbow brightened into form on an overhanging cloud, its ends resting on the water on either side of the communing ships. It was a sublime picture, and the spectators were pleased to regard it as a significant omen.

☞ A carpenter was recently scared by a cassowary at the Sydenham Palace, near London. He was repairing its house, and left a large basket of tools while he went in doors to fetch something. On his return he missed a chisel, and supposing some one from the house had taken it, he was going back, when the cassowary approached, and at one gulp bolted a screw-driver and gimlet, while the terrified artist in wood bolted himself. [The cassowary is a large bird resembling somewhat an ostrich.]

☞ From a tree that measures a foot in diameter, in Sheffield, was gathered, this year, 22,700 apples.

☞ There are more apples and cider in West Virginia than can be found barrels for. Flour barrels sell at 50 cents and whiskey barrels at $2,50.

☞ At the Wilton Scythe factory, now in full operation, a bar of metal passes from hand to hand through twenty-two distinct operations, until it comes out a finished scythe.

☞ There is a bachelor in Geneva, N. Y., who imagines that he is a counterfeit fifty cent script, and will not offer himself to any lady for fear of being refused.

☞ DOMESTIC CONUNDRUM.—What's the difference between sixty minutes and one of my sisters? Give it up, do you? Why one's *an hour*, and the other's *our Ann*.

☞ WASTE OF OIL.—It is said that ten millions' worth of coal oil is annually wasted by the improper means of transhipment used. This is a loss which we should think could be saved by a little ingenuity in constructing the barrels.

☞ A story is told to the effect that "Othello" was lately given in Hayti by a company of negro actors, while the part of Othello was taken by a black man who painted his face white.

☞ An amusing fact occurred in New York on the visit of General Grant to that city on Monday week. He took a hack to conduct him to his hotel. The driver, after depositing the General, gave his friends the following toast:—"Here's to meself, Deanis Connelly, the biggest man in Ameriky but one. I've driven the Lieutenant-General of the United States, and its more than Bobby Lee ever did."

☞ WARDROBE CAPTURED.—All Mrs. Jeff Davis's pretty silk dresses were captured on the blockade runner Hope—nice new stockings, &c., all gone. What a row there will be in Jeff's house.

☞ Mrs. Ripley, of Concord, Mass., is well-known to the naturalist on account of her valuable collection of lichens, and to the Cambridge professors on account of her success in training young men for the university. It is said that a learned gentleman once called to see this lady, and found her hearing at once the lesson of one student in Sophocles, and that of another in Differential Calculus, at the same time rocking her grandchild's cradle with one foot, and shelling peas for dinner.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEM.—We saw yesterday a basket of gold fish, several of which were fully twelve inches long. They were taken in Fairmount basin by the workmen engaged in cleaning it. Three of them were put in a big vase, in the mill house, where those curious in such matters can see them. Since the work of cleansing this basin was begun, all concerned in it have lived upon choice fish. Huge rock fish were among them. This basin has not been disturbed for eighteen years, and fish once in it could not retrace their way. This proves that fish live and fatten without other food than that which they obtain from the water. There is no animal matter in that basin—nothing but the mud that by very slow degrees precipitates from the water. In all those eighteen years this precipitation has amounted to but one foot of mud. The work, however, will soon be finished. In the meantime our supply of water comes from the basin on Corinthian avenue.—*Philadelphia North American.*

GENERAL GRANT IN NEW YORK.—The New York Times states that on Sunday afternoon he said to a gentleman with whom he was conversing: "The Southern Confederacy is a mere shell. I know it. I am sure of it. It is a hollow shell, and General Sherman will prove it to you." The calm, modest consciousness of power with which this was said, more than the words themselves, conveyed to his visitor an unqualified conviction of the truth of the general's remarks. In answer to a question whether, in his opinion, ninety days would bring the end, he said, with a grim smile, "I am not a ninety-days man, but we shall see what will happen in six months." The significance of these words from the Commander-in-Chief of our armies, with the sense of his knowledge of and power over the whole subject, which his manner imports, cannot be underrated.

☞ Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting to his fellow squirrel in the woods. This we have every reason to suppose, arises from the animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest tail bearers among his tribe.

AD MISERICORDIAM.

I.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To linger in the shade,
While our gay companions wander
Up and down the woodland glade:
Let the red fern droop around us,
And the dead leaves flutter down,
Our hearts are fresh and green, dear,
Though the forest's scorch'd and brown.

II.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To let me see your hand
Ungloved—though well I know it
For the fairest in the land:
And those dainty little fingers
For an instant might I hold;
It would not cost you much, dear;
To me, 'twere gain untold!

III.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To hear me whisper low
A secret I discovered
Not quite a week ago.
Would you promise, having told you,
That I *never* need repent?
Ah! you guess it! No reply?
But your silence gives consent!

EVELYN FOREST.

The Twin Sisters of Malta.

FROM THE DUTCH OF MADAME TOUSSAINT.*

How pleasantly are the rocky shores of Malta still reflected on the calm blue surface of the Mediterranean sea, when the golden rays of the evening sun are dancing upon it!

Yet alas! This Malta, with its proud steps of granite, its threatening cannons, and its peaceful industry; with its simple flat roofs, and its fantastic balconies; with the blood-red oranges, and the sweetest grapes in the world; the aged orphan of the old chevaliers, which languishes in eternal minority under English guardianship; this Malta is no longer what it formerly was. One would be wronging it to call it the shadow of its bygone splendor, for the shadow resembles the original, if even only in uncertain and faint outlines; but Malta has entirely lost its early forms. Perhaps here and there a single rare feature of its past lustre reminds one that the Malta of the nineteenth century as little resembles that of the time of Hugo de Payens, as the lords of the woolsack resemble the grand masters of old.

A totally different life now prevails there. The dreaded enemy of the Musculman faith, who enthusiastically brandished the Cross against the Crescent, no longer claims tribute from Turk and Pagan; on the contrary, it has become a great custom-house, while English toll-gatherers demand tribute from every sail which is hoisted on the wide navigable waters of the Mediterranean sea. The naked rocks, to which each Paladin brought a handful of earth, became a fruitful island, warmed by Africa's sun, and enlightened by European civilization. The poetical abode of the pious knights has become the prosaic seat of extensive commerce; it is at once the blessed spot where, with each breath, one inhales renovated health, and whither the aristocracy of England, the bonnie societe of France, and fashionable travellers from every other nation, resort with pleasure. In short, Malta need not regret that it has kept pace with the times; it has not lost much of its consequence since it exchanged the white banner for the union jack of Great Britain.

But I have allowed myself to be too far carried away by my reflections, which are so little suited to my insignificant tale. I had much better have said a few words about the women of this charming island, those women so entirely peculiar, in whom the fire of the Arab females is so intimately blended with the captivating, languishing manners of those of Sicily, who, in gracefulness, yield precedence to none of their southern sisters. Above all, they recall to the observer that Africa is in the rear, and that *there* Europe begins.

Among these, the twin sisters, Peppa and Magallon, deserve the prize of beauty. Richer and darker hair seldom adorned brows of more delicate transparency. Their blue-black eyes sparkled like bright cut steel, and between their lips, whose redness reminded one of fresh pomegranates, glittered teeth as white as the purest pearls of Coromandel. Their features bespoke oriental excitability, tempered by mildness, which, added to the tone of true amiability that pervaded their whole manner, lent a singular charm to their words and movements. Education and practice had made them both familiar with the first European languages, yet they preferred to speak the Maltese-Arabic, which still exists among the people, the agreeable sound of which, and the power of its expressions, cause one to forget that it is entirely wanting in literary cultivation.

It would be difficult to say which of the twin sisters was the handsomer, or in what Peppa's beauty differed from Magallon's. In form, face, voice, gait, and movement, they were entirely alike, and this resemblance was much increased by their dress being exactly the same. They wore the Maltese *ouilla*, which was fastened to a little satin hat interwoven with gold thread, thus greatly heightening the shining blackness of their hair. Both wore boddices of cherry-colored velvet, richly embroidered, and light blue over-skirts of slight gauzy texture. Their sleeves, of Venetian silver gauze, by no means hid their beautiful rounded arms, with the delicate little hands, which played with fans the same in color and size. Peppa, however, had a bunch of flowers in her hat, without which precaution her own father, the worthy Paolo Paterno, would not have been able to distinguish the first-born from her sister. The same education, the same fate, always being together (they had never yet been separated for longer than an hour or so), could not fail to have effect upon their feelings and actions; and even their nurse declared that she had never met with exterior resemblance joined to such perfect similarity of disposition. They were sisters in every sense of the word.

* Madame Bosboom Toussaint is considered one of the first female writers of the present age in Holland. Her historical tales are much admired for their truthfulness, the power with which her characters are delineated, and the religious and moral tone which pervades them. She has also written several shorter stories, in which she has adopted the light and graceful style so peculiar to France. This accomplished authoress was born at Alkmaar, at which town they are so proud of her that the magistracy have had her works and portrait placed in the archives of the city, along with a flattering tribute to her merits.—TRANS.

Good Paolo Paterno, who had lost his wife in the bloom of her youth, and could never reconcile himself to a second marriage, found his only comfort in his lovely daughters, who but seldom caused him to regret that they were not sons, to whom he could have bequeathed his name and brigantine. He was owner of a merchantman, which, after performing for several years successful voyages, had made him one of the most wealthy inhabitants of La Valetta.

When Peppa and Magallon had attained their fourteenth year, the thoughts of his successor occupied Paolo more and more. He, therefore, took into his house the son of an only brother, who had fallen under Napoleon, and, although still very young, Matteo was betrothed to Peppa. Another and more brilliant match had offered for Magallon, the nephew and partner of one of the richest merchants in Malta, who was a Greek by birth, a Maltese by necessity, and a merchant with all his heart and soul.

The two damsels had not hesitated a moment to consent to their union with the gentlemen selected for them, and, without further thought, they calmly looked forward to the coming event, which each day brought nearer.

One day Paolo, who was accustomed every year to take some excursion, accompanied by his children, proposed to them that they should go with him once more before their marriages on a trip to Algiers, which place, under the hands of its French conqueror, was undergoing such wonderful reforms.

The beautiful twins wished for nothing better, and they soon set out on their voyage. But in the way in which they took leave of their lovers, and in the manner in which they greeted them on their return, there was too striking a difference to escape the notice of the young men.

Peppa treated Matteo more coldly and formally than she had ever done before, and Magallon's proud lover had to bear whims and violence of which he had never suspected her capable. The former bore it patiently, as one who was painfully familiar with misfortune and suffering; the Greek, on the contrary, became irritated and suspicious. Notwithstanding that the father saw this change with great sorrow, he could not imagine what could be its cause; he could not understand what had so suddenly transformed his lively, gay daughters into such whimsical, morose girls; why these gentle dear ones were so capricious and cruel to those who had claims upon their love. The honest captain possessed, it is true, plenty of natural common sense for every-day life, but he understood nothing of the fine shades of the female heart, and he was not capable of discovering what lay behind the caprices which he daily encountered; this was beyond his power. The truth was, however, that the twenty days spent by the damsels, apparently so indifferently and monotonously, within the walls of the house of quarantine, after their return from Africa, had been rich in events and experience, which had suddenly made them much older and more knowing, if not more sensible.

For those in good health the house of quarantine at Malta is no gloomy invalid's prison, full of privations and oppressive constraint; the only constraint that one meets with there is that it cannot be quitted at one's pleasure, and that there is no communication with the outer world. But it is a roomy, airy dwelling, with which every one would be pleased if it only bore another name; where every one can choose his own apartment according to his rank and means, and settle himself as he thinks best; where one soon feels at home, just like a frequented cursaal on rainy days. While promenading in the galleries or on the broad terrace one makes acquaintances, exchanges friendly words, and arranges to meet in future at some place of general resort, as one does at the promenades at watering places; and as the assemblage is less numerous, and the choice, therefore, more limited, one even sooner becomes intimately acquainted.

Thus it happened, when Peppa and Magallon wandered arm in arm upon the terrace, enjoying the pure morning air, or watching the last rays of the evening sun, that they were soon remarked by all the young men. By one, however, in particular; he was a Frenchman, the young Count Jules de St. Elme, who, from discontent and aversion of the artificial tone of society, and the vice of the higher circles in Paris, his native place, had escaped from thence to seek among people less cultivated, and under other zones, that purity which he considered lost in his fatherland. But in the East the poor young man met with the same character under another form, only more distinctly displayed, and in more repulsive traits, for it appeared under coarse expressions and almost brutish roughness. Thus, in despair of finding there what he desired, he returned to Europe, still uncertain in which of its countries he should now seek for his ideal; for, notwithstanding he had become acquainted with love in the boudoirs of Paris, where it is called coquetry, and in the pavilions of the East, where it is called sensuality, he still hoped to find the woman who did not only think that he was a count, that he had ten thousand a year, or that he was the lion to conquer whom vanity vied in every drawing-room, or the lively youth with the dark blue eyes and the Grecian profile; no, the woman who had a heart capable of responding to his own, and who would willingly listen to him without making inward calculations while half yawning at his words of love. Expecting so much as he did, it may be supposed that he had not yet fixed on his future destination, when plenty of time was afforded him to reflect and determine in the house of quarantine.

Our charming twins had already been a few days in quarantine when he arrived. After seeing the beautiful sisters once or twice, and having spoken to them a few times, can you blame him that he came to the bitter conclusion that he was in love, not with Magallon, not with Peppa, but with both, and without being able to say which of them he would choose and which refuse, if he were permitted to take his choice? It was positively not his fault.

When they hovered before him, each movement full of grace, when at the same moment the fire of those two pairs of dark eyes met his, and with equal timidity were turned from him; when both the young faces were overspread with a similar blush, and the sweet voices spoke to him with equally natural frankness, then the irresistible charm of both enchantresses captivated him and drew him towards them; then, indeed, one could pity the poor, romantic count, perhaps even laugh at him a little, as he stood caught in the fatal net; but to blame him—that was impossible.

And in the sweet sisters, too, who until now had been accustomed to live without reflection and without meditation, without remembrance and without hope, feelings and sensations sprang up, which they did not communicate to each other, not because they wished to keep them secret from each other, but because they did not understand them; because they were not accustomed to examine themselves, to investigate their hearts, and account to themselves for their feelings. Perhaps an experienced woman of the world would have drawn many artless confessions from their conversations which they themselves did not discover in them. So far is certain, that both became uneasy as soon as the hour for the usual promenade approached; that whenever the young Frenchman had had a long and friendly chat with them, they thought the house of quarantine the most delightful residence in the world; but had caprice, or some other cause, banished the count to his room, it appeared to them tiresome and unbearable.

And it was not to be wondered at that the pretty Maltese maidens were captivated with the young Parisian. His beauty was not the magnet, for Matteo's good looks caused him to be the envy of all the young men of his acquaintance, and Magallon's handsome fiance gave place to none of his countrymen in appearance. Compared to them the pale Parisian might have appeared to disadvantage. But the very fact that he was a Parisian, that he came from the admired and much praised capital of fashion, the pleasure-garden of the arts, was a superiority which made an impression on them both. They had never had any intercourse with Europeans from the best circles of the capitals. In their own native place their station in society was not sufficiently high to gain them admittance into the first circles of the English authorities. Those of less importance who visited them were below them, and Colchontris was a prejudiced Greek, and Matteo a thorough Maltese, who would sooner have buried himself among the cotton plantations of Gozzo than mix with the nation for whose foreign emperor his father had fallen.

Thus when young St. Elme addressed them in French, such as they had never heard; when he spoke to them in the language of gallantry and passion; when with the warmth and national pride of a true Frenchman, he told them of the wonders of his native town, and listened with the interest and attention of a refined man of the world to their description of their little excursions; when he answered their various questions with inexhaustible eloquence, and entered into their feelings with a good nature which they could not have expected from him, a stranger; then their excitable fancy was worked up into an agitation, an ecstacy the source of which they could not guess, but whose cause they recognized and loved in Jules.

He, meanwhile, seriously sought to understand his own heart, and longed extremely for an opportunity to become more particularly acquainted with each sister; yet how was this possible, since they never separated from each other, and since in their innocence they never perceived the slightest reason for so doing?

He already doubted of being able to accomplish his desire, when, one evening that the terrace was more full than usual, he succeeded in the crowd in gaining possession of the arm of one of the two beauties, while the father accompanied the other. Later in the evening he skillfully exchanged the one for the other, and thus was able—a second Don Juan, only with less wicked intentions—to pour out to each many ardent professions of love, of unfading remembrance, and many hopes of meeting again. From that moment the sisters became aware that they really had something to hide, and could keep a secret from each other. It was sad for the count that he could only attain his object the evening before their departure from the house of quarantine; for the poor fellow had still to remain a whole week there—a week in uncertainty, with all his unaccomplished wishes!

Good Paterno was right glad that their detention was at an end, for he had remarked that the health and gaiety of his darlings had suffered much in the Lazaretto; he often found them thoughtful, and their nurse, who had accompanied them, told him that they frequently sat for whole hours together without exchanging a word. And this silence in two young women, two Maltese!

The father thought that they would soon resume their old habits, but we have seen that this was not the case, and it even became worse when the fiancees paid their betrothed their usual homage. And when the approaching weddings happened to be mentioned, their annoyance and impatience increased to such a height that all around them were perplexed and grieved.

It only requires one single step from one secret to a thousand. With that one step the entire confidence and unity of soul, which formerly bound the sisters, was broken.

Magallon became the confidant of the sensative Matteo; she listened to his complaints of her sister, and heard them without being angry with the complainant; she even admitted to him that he had a right to be displeased.

Peppa listened as calmly to the haughty accusations which Colchontris made to her of the caprices of his Magallon, and she for the first time remarked that her sister was indeed capricious. Thus both characters gained opportunity to develope themselves independently, and to distinguish themselves from each other; the unity of their thoughts was for the first time disturbed, and the almost characterless uniformity which until now had existed between them had disappeared. The unconscious schism which had awoke them from stupefaction saved to each a soul and a heart.

Oh, notwithstanding the wonderful resemblance of their features, the quick-sighted Frenchman would now only have required a single hour to penetrate the peculiarities of each and to make his choice.

Uneasiness, longing, uncertainty, and all the usual and secret torments of love, had made Magallon's disposition severe and harsh. She had become haughty, serious, suspicious, violent, and passionate, but she displayed at the same time a strength and firmness which could only belong to a great and lofty mind.

Peppa, on the contrary, was subdued by her silent and secret sufferings; she lived amidst sadness and hidden tears. More gentle and more patient than ever, she seemed to seek, with her melancholy, dreamy eyes, for some support against which she might lean in her feebleness. She had become weak, but her weakness was that of an elastic nature, which is not crushed by sorrow; it was like that of the ivy and the vine, which twine softly and lovingly, but firmly, round the twig which constitutes their support.

One evening on which the poor girls had had to endure as many reproaches from their father as from their betrothed, both, with an unanimity which for a long time they had not felt, sought to enjoy the fresh air upon one of the broad balconies of the house, which commanded a splendid view of the sea and the Street San Giovanni. They silently watched the twilight red of evening, which in Malta lasts longer than anywhere else. Their thoughts found vent in different ways; Peppa sometimes sighed, and her eyes were full of tears, while Magallon's firm, fiery glances were fixed on the sea-side, and a proud, gay smile played round her lips. At length she broke the silence, seized Peppa's hand, and said:

"You are sad, Peppa, and I know why. You have been cross again to poor Matteo, and now you are suffering from self-reproach."

But Peppa shook her head, and gently drew back her hand as she replied:

"I might think the same of you, although you are so gay. You act with undeserved severity towards good Colchontris. He sometimes complains of it to me, for he seeks comfort from me."

"He complains to you! Well, Matteo express himself discontented with you to me, and his love won't last much longer."

"The saints grant it may not!" sighed the damsel.

"I wish I could only hope the same of Colchontris!" added Magallon.

"But why do you say so? Why do you hate Colchontris? He does not deserve it."

"He is a Greek, and hates the French, whom I love," added she, haughtily and openly. "But why have you become alienated from Matteo?"

"He, he hates the Emperor of the French," answered she, less frankly and more timidly. "But, Magallon, do you love all the French, or—"

The end of the question died upon her lips. Then Magallon said in a determined manner, and with perfect confidence:

"Well, since you ask me the question, I will tell you what you must learn one of these days. You remember the young French count—he was called St. Elme—whom we met every evening on the promenade."

"Remember!" sighed Peppa, as she languidly raised her black eyes.

"Well, *him* I love!"

"Poor, poor sister! Alas! he asked me if I could give him my love—and I feel only too well that I really love him."

"The base wretch! And he said the same to me, the evening before we left the house of quarantine!"

"On the same evening he put that question to me, and we told each other Adieu!"

"But, tell me, what did you answer him? I could not reply one word, for my father came and took my arm."

"I was silent, because I did not know what I should answer. Now I should know well, for now I am convinced that I love him, and I have determined to tell my father so, if he only—"

"If what, Peppa, you have not, like me—" cried Magallon, with passionate emotion in her looks and manners.

"What? Like you? What have you done, sister?" asked Peppa, anxiously, and trembling.

"He wished my sash as a remembrance, but I laughed, and said, 'You would no longer be able to distinguish me from my sister if I gave it to you!' However, when I got here, and I felt how dear he was to me, I began to reflect how I could satisfy his wish. I had heard that my father was going to forward him some Sicilian wine, which is not to be had in the Lazaretto; I therefore took advantage of the opportunity to send him a sash, which was exactly like mine, and wrote him along with it: 'Wear it as a token of my love!'"

"And did I not do the same, unhappy one?" exclaimed Peppa. "He begged me for the rose which I wore; I refused to give it him, but when I afterwards discovered that I could not live without him, and heard that Matteo was sending him some things which the count wished from the town, I laid it in the parcel, and a little note with it, in which I wrote: 'Wear it, if you love me!' But, alas! he does not love me, for he has not answered me!"

"How could an answer possibly reach us from out of the house of quarantine? But we shall get the answer to-day, for this is the twentieth day of his stay in the Lazaretto, and to-day he is free."

"I know that right well. But can he come so soon as to-day?"

"Can love delay? And did he not promise our father that he would pay him a visit directly after the quarantine was over?"

"Love, did you say, sister? But how could he love us both at the same time? Since I have known him, I have taken an aversion to Matteo."

"And I hate Colchontris. But he does not love us both, that is impossible. He is either a wicked man, who is making sport of us, or he hesitates in his choice. For we do resemble each other too much."

"Unfortunately he could now immediately distinguish us from each other. I am no longer the gay being I once was."

"You have become pale, Peppa."

"And your cheeks and eyes are brilliant with heightened color. You at least have retained your beauty."

"This is vain talking, Peppa. Your paleness becomes you very well. One thing, however, I pray you, sister; if he wears the sash, then—"

"Let us not hate each other, nor should he appear in my rose."

"I promise you," said Magallon, with a firmness which perhaps sprang from the secret hope that she would be the victor.

And they shook hands with each other with a sincerity which perhaps was the most generous on Peppa's part, for she dared not hope that the count would give *her* the preference.

"Now let us pay all attention; he must come up the Strada Giovanni. Thus we shall soonest learn our fate."

"If he would only come," sighed Peppa, and she gazed with the suspense of intense excitement and the utmost anxiety upon the rocky steps which led from the sea to the town.

Assuredly this was the last time that the twins were to stand thus united in thought and action, for as soon as Jules should appear, an abyss of pain and pleasure, accomplished wishes, and disappointment full of despair, must open between them, which never could be filled up again.

At length Magallon's conjectures were realized. The young count appeared in the distance. Everything swam before Peppa's eyes from the violence of her feelings. Magallon gazed firmly and fixedly at the approaching Jules.

Now they saw him distinctly, entirely; he wore—neither of the two love tokens. But did they not deceive themselves? He came towards the house.

"He is coming to us!" cried she, as she impetuously seized the trembling Peppa by the hand. "Let us hasten to the reception-room; we must have certainty."

They soon were down stairs. Old Paolo was gone out. They found the count alone.

"I could not choose, at least not so quickly, beautiful signoras!" cried he. "Pardon me, I pray you!"

"So—neither of us? Both deceived! Both sported with! But we shall be revenged!" cried the haughty and passionate Magallon, without listening to him further, convinced only of one thing, that he wore neither of the tokens, and she rushed wildly past him to Matteo.

Peppa, on the contrary, had sank, deadly pale and fainting, upon a sofa, as she exclaimed:

"No vengeance, sister! He kills me, but I forgive him!"

With one glance the quick observer penetrated the souls of both the girls, and he felt deeply how much more Peppa's pale cheeks were to be preferred to Magallon's glowing ones; he perceived the whole strength and tenderness of the soul which, though so much wounded, could yet forgive; while the other only followed her wild passion, and only demanded satisfaction for her wounded vanity. Now his choice was made, his determination taken. He knelt beside the fainting Peppa, and recalled her to life with the sweetest words. And when she could hear and understand him again, he poured forth to her everything quieting and tender that his love could suggest, and much rejoiced he was that his experiment had ended so happily.

Although it may appear odd, still it is easily explained how Magallon and Matteo forgot their mutual disappointment in love, under whose influence the cautious youth slowly suppressed the beautiful Maltese's plans of vengeance, and at length made her entirely forget them. This alliance pleased the good Paolo the more because it was the only means by which he could bestow upon his adopted son the portion due to a child. The count, therefore, received the father's consent to his marriage with Peppa, and not long after she accompanied him to France. It is true she did not shine in the first circles of Paris, but she was the means of surrounding her husband, at his beautiful country seat, with a happiness such as he had never dared to anticipate or to hope for.

MEMORIES.

Many the thoughts they bring,
This sunny lock of hair,
This severed lock, and this little ring
My own love used to wear.

They cut this shining curl
From my lost darling's head;
They took this hoop of gold and pearl
From the finger of the dead.

Down in the old churchyard
They laid my maiden sweet,
With a marble cross her head to guard,
And a rose-tree at her feet.

But though she's sleeping there,
I'm not of all bereft—
Although she's gone, the dear and fair,
Still I have something left.

She's gone from my embrace,
Yet treasures three have I—
The golden ring, and the waving tress,
And a sweet, sweet memory.

Wooing, as Practised by the Australian Blacks.

Courtship, as the precursor to marriage, is unknown among them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife, he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister, or some other female relative of his own; but if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers round the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their leubras, whom perhaps he has seen and admired when attending one of the grand corroborries. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his *nulla-nulla* (war-club) he stuns the object of his "affections," and drags her insensible body away to some retired spot, whence, as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph. Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost skill in concealing their presence. When they have obtained the knowledge they require, they wait for a dark, windy night; then quite naked, and carrying only their long "jag-spears," they crawl stealthily through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp-fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of those leubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts its barbed point among her thick flowing locks; turning the spear slowly round, some of her hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open she feels the sharp point of another weapon pressed against her throat. She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death, so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and, rising silently, she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to ensnare their other victim in like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause, and highly honored for their chivalrous exploit.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Size of St. Peter's Church at Rome.

President Fairfield, in endeavoring to give an idea of the size of St. Peter's Church in Rome, refers particularly to the dome, which is of massive stone work, and supported by four large columns and arches connecting them. Each of these four pillars, he says, occupies as much space in the church as an edifice eighty feet long and fifty feet wide; which is larger, probably, than any church building in the United States outside of the principal cities. The dome, if provided with seats as economically as Spurgeon's chapel in London, would hold six thousand persons; and if lifted from the top of St. Peter's, and let down over Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, would cover it completely, without touching it in any part. And yet it does not appear too large for the edifice on which it stands; and the immense columns which support it it are but little in the way in the interior of St. Peter's.

FATALITY.

I have seen her, with her golden hair,
And her exquisite primrose face,
And the violet in her eyes;
And my heart received its own despair—
The thrall of a hopeless grace,
And the knowledge of how youth dies.

Live hair afloat with snakes of gold,
And a throat as white as snow,
And a stately figure and foot;
And that faint pink smile, so sweet, so cold,
Like a wood anemone, closed below
The shade of an ilex root.

And her delicate milk-white hand in mine,
And her pensive voice in my ear,
And her eyes downcast as we speak.
I am filled with a rapture, vague and fine;
For there has fallen a sparkling tear
Over her soft, pale cheek.

And I know that all is hopeless now.
And that which might have been,
Had she only waited a year or two,
Is turned to a wild regret, I know,
Which will haunt us both, whatever the scene,
And whatever the path we go.

Meanwhile, for one moment, hand in hand,
We gaze in each other's eyes;
And the red moon rises above us;
We linger with love in the lovely land,—
Italy with its yearning skies,
And its wild white stars that love us.

OWEN MEREDITH.

OSWALD CRAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART LVI.

"FINANCE," THIS TIME.

An afternoon in March. The sun was drawing towards its setting amidst gorgeous clouds, and the red light illumining the western sky threw its rays into an invalid's chamber and lighted it up with a warm hue.

Something else was drawing towards its setting. And that was the feeble life of the chamber's chief occupant. It was a good-sized pleasant room: the bed at the end farthest from the window; the middle space devoted to the comfort of the invalid, a table with some books upon its handsome cover, a sofa, easy chairs, velvet footstools, and a few pretty ornaments to amuse the eye.

On the sofa, by the side of the fire, a coverlid of the lightest and softest texture thrown gently over her, lay the invalid. Her hands, resting listlessly on either side her, were white and attenuated, her face was drawn and wan. But there was a strange beauty in the face yet; in the eyes with their violet depths, in the exquisite features, shaded by the mass of silky hair. You have not failed to recognize her. It was Mrs. Cray. Just now the eyes were closed and she was dozing peacefully.

At the opposite end of the hearth-rug, sitting restlessly in an easy-chair, was Mark. Of late Mark had been rather prone to be as still and idle as his wife; the inert life wearied him, it chafed his spirit; but there was no escape from it at present, and Mark Cray had perforce resigned himself to it, as an imprisoned bird resigns itself in time to its cage. Mark's future prospects were uncommonly vague; in fact they were as yet unbounded by the old expectation-anchor, the "something" that was to "turn up." Any time in the past few weeks his wife's death might have been expected, and Mark had yielded to the idleness of the circumstances, and been tranquil. Mr. Barker was away in Paris, and did not write; the Wheal Bang affairs were going on to a comfortable conclusion, and Mark was letting the future take care of itself. Strolling out for short walks; giving a quarter of an hour to the "Times;" wandering for a few minutes into the sitting-rooms, and lounging back in the easy chairs by the side of his wife—thus had Mark's recent days been passed.

But on this afternoon all was changed, and Mark's forced quiescence had given place to a fidgety restlessness, very characteristic of the old times. The post had just brought a letter from Mr. Barker—some accident or contrary weather having delayed the arrival of the French mail—and Mark Cray, upon reading it, felt exalted into the seventh heaven.

Barker had succeeded! He had brought out a company in Paris, connected with finance; the great work he had been striving for so long. In three weeks' time from that date it would all be in full operation, and if Mrs. Cray were sufficiently well to be left, and Mark would come over to Paris, he could instantly step into a post in the Company at a salary of eight hundred a year to begin with. In about six months time, according to moderate computation, Barker wrote, the thing would be in full swing, and the profits inaugurated certainly at not less than six thousand per annum. The half of which splendid income should be Mark's.

Can you wonder at his restlessness? At his brightened eye, his flushed face, as he sits there in the chair, bolt upright, his hand raised incessantly to push back his hair? He glances across at Caroline—whom he really loves very much still—and thinks what a pity it is that all this good fortune should have delayed itself until now. Had it come too late for her? Mark Cray in his sanguine fashion actually asks himself the question, medical man though he is. For the last two or three days Caroline had been so much better? only on this very morning she had told Mark she felt as if she were getting well again.

Mark moved his restless legs and contrived to knock down the fire-shovel. The noise awoke Caroline. She stirred, and turned her opening eyes on her husband.

"What was that? Did anybody come in, Mark?"

"I threw over one of the fire-irons. I am sorry it disturbed you. They are always sticking out, tiresome things! It's not a proper fender for a bedroom. Caroline, I have had a letter from Barker," he continued, rising in excitement and standing before her on the hearth-rug. "It's the most glorious news! The thing's realized at last."

"What thing?" asked Caroline, feebly, after a pause of bewilderment.

"The thing he has had on hand so long, the great scheme he has been working for. Oh, Carine, I wish you could get better! There's eight hundred a-year waiting for me in Paris; and there'll be an income of at least three thousand before six months are over. Three thousand for my share, you know. I'm sure you would like living in Paris."

She did not answer. Nothing was heard save the quick gasps of the panting breath, the result of excessive weakness. Mark was struck with something in her aspect, and bent down to her.

"Don't you feel so well, Carine?"

"I—feel—weary," was all she answered, her voice ominously low.

"Where's Sara, I wonder?" said Mark. "I'll go and send her to you. You want some beef-tea, or something, I daresay."

Mark went down the stairs, meeting Sara on them. In the drawing-room with Miss Bettina was Oswald Cray, who had just come in. He was a frequent visitor now.

The half brothers shook hands, coldly enough. They were civil to each other always, but there could never be cordiality between them. Not because of the past; but because they were so essentially different in mind, in judgment, and in conduct.

"My luck has turned at last, Oswald," exclaimed Mark, impulsively.

"In what way?" asked Oswald, who was leaning over the back of a chair while he talked to Miss Bettina.

"I have just got a letter from Barker," answered Mark, running his hand through his hair restlessly. "I told you what a great scheme he had got on hand in Paris, but you turned the cold shoulder on it. Well, it's bearing fruit at last."

"Oh," said Oswald, evincing a desire, if his tone and manner might be judged by, to turn the cold shoulder on it still, metaphorically speaking. "How is your wife this afternoon?" he continued, passing to a different subject.

"She has been so much better the last two or three days, that one might almost be tempted to hope she'd get well again," rejoined Mark, volubly. "She seems tired now; low, I thought; Sara's just gone up to her. What a shame it is, that things turn out so cross-grained and contrary!"

The concluding sentence, delivered with marked acumen, reached the ear of Miss Bettina. She looked up from her knitting to scan Mark.

"If Barker's luck had only been realized six months ago, what a thing it would have been!" he went on. "Caroline might have got well, instead of worse. In the enjoyment of luxuries in a home of her own, renewed wealth and position in prospective, with the pure air of the balmy French capital, there's no knowing what benefit she might not have derived. And now it comes too late! I shall ever regret it for her sake."

"Regret what?" sharply interposed Miss Bettina.

Mark replied by giving a summary of Barker's luck. Miss Bettina paused, knitting-needles in hand, her keen grey eyes fixed on Mark, and trying to understand him.

"Barker in luck!" she repeated, catching some of the words and the general sense. "Has he come into an estate in the moon? Don't be a simpleton, Mark Cray."

Mark Cray felt exasperated. Nothing angered him so much as for people to pretend to see these enchanting prospects with different eyes from his own. He had always been convinced it was done only to vex him. Poor Mark! He turned to Oswald, and began expatiating upon the good fortune that was drawing so near; and Oswald saw that it was of no use to try to stop him. The fever-mania had again taken hold of Mark.

"What is the scheme, do you say?" asked Oswald, just as he would have asked anything of a child; and perhaps it was not altogether his fault that a sound of mockery was discernible in his tone.

"It's connected with finance."

"Oh," said Oswald. "Finance."

"It is the grandest thing that has been brought before the public for many a year," continued Mark, his voice impressive, his light eyes sparkling. "The very greatest—"

"Grander than the Great Wheal Bang?" inopportunely interposed Miss Bettina, Mark's earnest tones having enabled her to hear better than usual.

"A hundred times grander," returned Mark, his mind too completely absorbed in the contemplation of the grandeur to detect the irony. "That is better, you know, Miss Bettina. The mine was very good; but of course there *was* a risk attending that, from water or else, and the result unfortunately realized it. *This* is different. Once the company is formed, and the shares are taken, it can't fail. Barker and I went through the thing together over and over again, when he was in London: we had it all down before us in black and white: we allowed for every possible risk and contingency, and we proved *that the thing could not fail, if once organized.*"

Oswald listened quietly. Miss Bettina had lost the thread again.

"The job was to organize the thing," resumed Mark. "It could not be done without money, and Barker—to speak the truth—found a difficulty in getting it. The money market was tight here, and men don't care to speculate when money's not plentiful. He also required the co-operation of some French capitalist, who would put his name to it, some good man on the Bourse, and *that* was hard to get. Those Frenchmen are all so narrow-minded, fight so shy. He knows two or three good Englishmen in Paris who were willing to go into it, and helped Barker immensely with advice and introductions, and that; but they had no funds at command. However, it's all accomplished now. Barker has fought his way through impediments, and surmounted them. The company's formed, the preliminary arrangements are successfully carried out, and fortune is at hand."

"What's at hand?" asked Miss Bettina.

"Fortune," repeated Mark. "I shall take one of those nice little boxes in the Champs Elysees. Some of them are charming. Or perhaps only part of one—if—if Carine—Oh, dear! it is hard for her that this luck did not fall in a year ago! I wonder," broke off Mark, passing to another phase of his future visions, "I wonder whether, if it were possible to get Caroline over to Paris now, the change might benefit her?"

"You think of residing in Paris?" said Oswald.

"*Of* course I do. Paris will be the centre of operations. Barker wants me over there now; almost directly; and the minute I join him I begin to draw at the rate of eight hundred a year. Just to go on with, you know, until the money falls in."

"Mark," said Oswald, after a pause, "will it be of *any* use my saying a word of warning to you?"

"On what subject?" returned Mark, looking up with surprise.

"On this subject. It seems to me that you are falling into another delusion: that the—"

"No, it will not be of any use," burst forth Mark in strange excitement. "I might have known beforehand that you'd turn out my enemy upon the point. If gold and diamonds were dropping down in a shower from the skies, you'd not stretch forth your hand to catch them. There's a mist before your eyes, Oswald, that prevents your seeing these things in their proper aspect."

He began to pace the room as he spoke, chafing considerably. Why was it that these little hints of warning awoke the irritation of Mark's spirit? Could there be an under-current of doubt in his mind whether Oswald was right and he wrong? However it might be, one thing was certain—that no warning, let it come from whom it would, could do any good with Mark.

As he turned to face them again, Sara entered. An expression of alarm was on her face, and she closed the door before speaking. She had come to say that Caroline appeared worse; altogether different from usual.

Mark ran up the stairs; Miss Bettina put down her knitting to follow. Sara turned to Oswald Cray.

"She knows you are here, Oswald, and would like to see you. She wants to bid you good-bye. I think her saying that alarmed me more than anything."

Caroline was on the sofa as before. Very quiet, save for her panting breath. Her white hands lay listless, her face, dreadfully worn though it was, was calm, tranquil. She looked at them one by one, and slightly raised her hand as Oswald entered. He bent down to her; taking it in his.

"Thank you for all," she whispered.

The change in her countenance struck them. It so far frightened Mark as to take from him his self-possession. He pushed Oswald away.

"Oh, Carine, what is it? You cannot be going to die! You must not die, now that all this good luck is coming upon me!"

She glanced up at him, her eyes wide open, as if she scarcely understood.

"There's the most beautiful home getting ready for you in Paris, Carine," he resumed, his voice sounding as if he were on the verge of tears. "We'll live in the Champs Elysees; it is the loveliest spot, and you can't fail to grow better there, if we can only get your disease to turn. Carine, Carine! don't leave me just when I am able to surround you with wealth and luxury again! This will be a greater and a surer thing than the Great Wheal Bang."

"Don't, Mark! I am going to a better home."

"But I can't let you go until I have atoned for the past! I—"

"Hush, hush!" she interrupted. "Oh, Mark! if you only knew how welcome it is to me! I am going to be at peace after all the turmoil. I am going to rest."

"Do you *want* to go?" pursued Mark, half resentfully. "Don't you *care* to get well?"

"I have not cared to get well since I came to England. That is, I have not thought I should," she returned, between the gasps of her labored breath. "When I heard the bell toll out for Prince Albert, I asked who was I that I should be spared when he was taken? The next world has seemed very near to me since then. As if the doors of it had been brought down to earth and stood always open."

That the death of the Prince, brought so palpably as may be said before her, had taken a great hold on Mrs. Cray, there was no doubt. Several times during her later weeks of illness, she had alluded to it. Her principal feeling in relation to it appeared to be that of *gratitude*. For the good and great Prince to be taken suddenly from the earthly duties so much needing him, was only an earnest, had one been wanting, that he had entered upon a better and higher sphere. It seemed that he had but been removed a step; a step on the road towards Heaven: and it most certainly in a measure had the effect of reconciling Mrs. Cray to her own removal, of tranquillising her weary heart, of bringing her thoughts and feelings into that state most fitting to prepare for it. Often and often had she awoke from a deep sleep, starting suddenly up and calling out,

"I though I heard St. Paul's bell again!"

"I wish the Great Wheal Bang had been in the sea!" gloomily exclaimed Mark Cray, who was no more calculated for a scene such as this than a child, and had little more control over his tongue. "But for that mine turning out as it did, your illness might never have come on."

"Don't regret it, Mark," she feebly said. "God's hand was in all. I look back and trace it. But for the trouble brought to me then, I might never have been reconciled to go. It is so merciful! God has weaned me from the world before removing me from it."

Mark Cray drew a little back and stood gazing at his wife, a gloomy, helpless sort of expression on his countenance, and his right hand nervously pushing back his hair. Oswald was at the head of the sofa, Sara near to him, and Miss Bettina was at the other side of the room, looking after some comforting medicine drops. Thus there was a clear space before the sofa, and the red light from the fire played on Caroline's wasted features.

The change in them frightened Sara as much as it did Mark, turning her face to whiteness. Oswald happened to look at her.

"Are you terrified," he whispered.

But Sara Davenal was not demonstrative. She could not help her changing countenance, but her manner was perfectly still. That Caroline was dying, dying suddenly, as may be said, she had little doubt.

"Can it be death?" she asked of Oswald.

He bowed his head.

"I fear so," came the low-breathed answer. "Ere many hours shall have passed."

"If things had not turned out so cressly!" began Mark again. "I knew I should redeem the misfortunes of that Wheal Bang. I always told you I should extricate myself, Caroline."

"We shall all be extricated from our misfortunes here," came from her dying lips. "A few years more or less of toil, and strife, and daily care, and then redemption comes. Not the redemption that *we* work. Oh, Mark, if you could see things as I now see them! When we are on the threshold of the next world, our eyes are opened to the poor value of this. It's worst cares have been but petty trials, its greatest heart-ache was not worth the pang. They were but hillocks that we had to pass in our journey upwards, and God was always leading us. If we could but trust to Him! If we did but learn to resign our hands implicitly to His, and be led as little children!"

Mark Cray felt somewhat awed. He began to doubt whether it were exactly the time and place to pour forth regrets after the misfortunes of the Great Wheal Bang, or enlarge on the future glories opening to him in the French capital.

"It is so much better for me to be at rest! God is taking me to the place where change and sickness cannot enter. Jesus is waiting for me, waiting to guide me into it in safety, lest I should miss the way. Aunt Bettina, when you were reading to me this morning I fell asleep and I saw it all quite clearly. Those who have gone before were looking out for me, and Jesus was ready to take me to them. Oh, Mark, if you could but see His loving look, as I saw it! He is waiting for us all as our turn comes!"

Miss Bettina came forward with something in a glass. But a hushed appearance of the group arrested her, deaf though she was.

"I shall see Uncle Richard: I shall see poor Richard who went before him; I shall see papa and mamma, whom I have nearly forgotten. We all go, some sooner some later. This world lasts but a short minute, that one is the home, the gathering place. Mark, dear Mark, the troubles here are of so little moment; they are only trifling hindrances through which we must bear on to Eternity. Oh, trust God! They are all sent by Him!"

There occurred an interruption. Mr. Welch, who had not been able to call before that day, came in, and the solemn feeling that had been stealing over those in the chamber gave place to the ordinary routine of every-day event.

"Before the morning," the surgeon said when he left, in answer to a grave question put to him by Miss Bettina.

PART LVII.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

The first scenes of this story were laid in Hallingham, and it is only well that it should close there. Well, or not, it cannot be helped; for the chief personages you have met in its course were now gathered in that town.

Caroline died in March, and this was the beginning of October, so you see several months have gone on in the year. The cold ungenial summer of 1862 had come to an end, and the Great Exhibition, characteristic of the year, was drawing to an end also. Ah! how we plan and plot and work, and a higher Hand mars it! A higher wisdom than ours looks on, and overrules, and changes all things! The one brave, earnest spirit, who had worked with all the energy of his true heart to bring about and perfect that exhibition, was alone not spared to see its fruition. Was there a single heart, of all the multitudes that flocked to it, that was not weighed down with a latent sense of the exhibition's failure in a general point of view, and of our own short-seeing helplessness? The gilt had been taken off the gingerbread.

In the Abbey at Hallingham, settled in it as she hoped for life, was Miss Bettina. With the death of Mrs. Cray, all necessity for Miss Davenal's remaining in London had ceased. In point of fact, it may be said to have ceased from the time Mark Cray and his wife went into Normandy; but she had stayed on. Very much disliking London, Miss Davenal made arrangements for leaving it as soon as she could do so with convenience, and in June had come back to Hallingham. Some difficulty arose about a residence: Miss Davenal was not one who could be put anywhere. She possessed some houses of her own in the town, good ones, but they were let. Oswald Cray it was who directed her attention to the Abbey. It had never been occupied since Mark's short tenancy of it: and at last, after some few alterations had been made in it, to the increase of its indoor comfort, Miss Davenal took it on a lease and entered into possession.

So far as human foresight may anticipate in this world of changes, she had settled down for life. The great barn of a drawing-room had been made into two apartments; handsome both, and of good proportions: the one was the drawing-room still, the other was Miss Davenal's bed-chamber. A quiet, tranquil life she might expect to live here with her two handmaidens, Watton and Dorcas.

For Watton had settled down also after her rovings, and come back to Hallingham. Watton had not lightly or capriciously resigned her superior situation in London; but ever since the past winter Watton had been ailing. She tried three or four doctors; she took, as she said, quarts of physic; but Watton could not get strong. There was no particular disorder, and she came at length to the conclusion that it must be London that disagreed with her, and gave notice to quit her place. So she was installed once more upper maid to Miss Davenal, and seemed since the change to have got well all one way.

She would have more to do than she had in the old days at the doctor's, for there was no Neal now. Miss Davenal declined to try another man servant, probably from a conviction that she should never replace the services of that finished and invaluable domestic. Miss Davenal was by no means convinced of the treachery attributed to him by Captain Davenal, and at odd moments was apt to look upon the charge as emanating solely from the gallant captain's fanciful imagination.

Neal himself was flourishing. Considering the precaution he took to keep himself right with the world, there was not much probability that he would ever be otherwise. Neal had entered on a situation with one of her Majesty's minister's; his lordship's own personal attendant. It was to be hoped there'd be no opportunity afforded him of getting at any of the state secrets! Ah, how many of these rogues are there, besides Neal, filling confidential posts in the world! Will it be so to the end of their career? Will it be so with Neal? I sometimes wonder.

The abbey was gay just now, in this same month of October, for Miss Davenal was entertaining a party in it. Sara had left it a fortnight past with Oswald Cray, and Captain Davenal, who had come down to give her away, had remained since with his wife, on a visit to Miss Davenal. He called her Aunt Bett still: but she was more cordial with him than she used to be, for she had learnt really to love the sweet young wife. She was in the habit of assuring him that Rose was a greater treasure than he deserved; and in that he did not contradict her.

Two other visitors at the abbey were Dick and Leo. Poor Leo could not recover his health; Mrs. Keen grew timid about him, and it was decided that he should go back to his native place, Barbadoes, for a short while, and see what that would do. His father and mother felt persuaded it would effect wonders, combined with their care; and so Leo was on the point of sailing. Mr. Dick, tolerated in the capacity of visitor as a necessary evil for his brother's sake, had come home to Sara's wedding, and was allowed to remain still, to see the last of Leo. Dick found the Michaelmas holidays delightful. What with making raids on the jam closets, and on sundry neighboring gardens where the pears and apples grew too abundantly, and in teasing Captain Davenal's son-and-heir—a noisy young gentleman who promised to be another wicked Dick—and going for stealthy rides on the tops of the railway engines (lying out all tempting on the opposite side to the pears and apples) Mr. Dick found the time pass charmingly. Captain Davenal took him out shooting now and then, by way of a treat. One day that the captain was otherwise engaged, the gun disappeared, and Dick also; and Miss Bettina went all but into a real fit, expecting nothing less than to see him brought home with his head shot off. Dick, however, reappeared with his head on, and a pheasant and a partridge in his hand, which he had shot and brought home in open triumph, defying the game laws. Miss Bettina wondered how long it would be before Dick came to the gallows.

There was one more visitor at the abbey. And that was Mark Cray. Mark, however, had been there but a day or two, not for the wedding. He had come to bear off Leo Davenal; for the *compagnon de voyage* and protector of Leo to the West Indies, was to be no other than Mark.

Mark Cray was down in feather. Dreadfully so. After his wife's death Mark had made his way to Paris, to enter upon the brilliant career he supposed to be in readiness for him. Not *quite* ready, however, he found when he got there; some trifling preliminaries had to be completed yet. Mark thought nothing of the check; he was sanguine; Barker was sanguine; it was only a little delay and Mark amused himself most agreeably, looking at the villas in the Champs Elysees, against the time came that he should be ready to fix upon one.

Mark's friends in England heard nothing of him until the middle of the summer; and then Mark himself appeared among them uncommonly crestfallen. That something was wrong, appeared evident. Mark gave little explanation, but news was gathered from other sources. It appeared that Mr. Barker's grand project with "finance" for its basis, had come to grief. At the very hour of its (expected) fruition, the thing had in some ingenious manner dropped through, and thereby entailed some temporary inconvenience, not to say embarrassment on its two warm supporters, Barker and Mark. Of course it was entirely undeserved; a most cruel stroke of adverse, ill-natured fate; but nevertheless both of them had to bow to it. Mark Cray came over to England; and Barker was compelled to go into ignoble hiding, nobody but himself knew where, while he smoothed his ruffled plumes, and gathered his forces for a fresh campaign.

Reposing in quiet was all very well for Barker, who appeared to have some perpetual fund to draw upon somewhere; though in point of fact the man had not a penny in the world, and how he managed to get along in his tumbles down from luck, he alone could tell: but it was not well for Mark Cray. Mark had not the grand genius of Barker—or whatever you may please to call it—the talent of extracting funds from some quarter or other for daily wants. If Mark was not "in luck," Mark stood a chance of starving. When Mark went back to London he had no home, no money, it may be said no friends: and but for his meeting Captain Davenal one day accidentally, Mark could not, that he saw, have gone on at all. Later, some real luck did come to Mark. His late wife's friends—who had never been made acquainted with the grand expectations of the great Paris scheme—wrote to tell Mark that through the unexpected death of one of the medical men in Barbadoes, an excellent practice might be secured by him if he chose to go out and step into it.

Be you very sure Mark Cray did not hesitate. Hating the profession though he did, feeling an innate conviction within himself that he was ill-qualified for it, he yet decided to embrace it again as his calling and occupation in life. When it comes to starving with a man, there's not much choice. So the decision was made, and Mark Cray was going out immediately to Barbadoes, and was to take charge of Leopold Davenal.

Once before you saw Miss Davenal waiting in that abbey for the return of a bridegroom and bride from their wedding tour. She was so waiting in like manner now. Oswald Cray and his wife had visited Thorndyke for a day or two on their return, as they were about to visit Hallingham, on their way to their new home in London.

Not as the guests of Sir Philip Oswald. Sir Philip had gone to that place where visiting is not; and Sir Henry was the master of Thorndyke. He had wanted Oswald and Sara to stay the whole of their holiday there; but they had preferred a greater change.

Miss Davenal sat in her drawing-room. The October sun was getting low, but still the expected guests had not arrived. Near to Miss Davenal, nursing a dancing baby that would not be coaxed to stillness, was a pretty, gentle woman, Mrs. Davenal. Leo stood at the window watching, and Mark Cray sat in a distant chair, restless, and pushing back his hair as usual. Mark did not altogether relish the expected presence of his half-brother; but there was no help for it. They had not met since Mark went off to Paris in the spring, largely telling Oswald that his debt to him would be paid with interest ere the year was out, for Mark had studiously avoided Oswald since his return.

"Is not that a carriage, Leo?"

"No, Aunt Bettina, it's a baker's cart going by."

Miss Davenal caught enough of the reply to know that it was not what she asked after.

"Where's Richard?" she presently said.

"I saw him over there on an engine just now," was Leo's answer, looking towards the station.

"Rose, by dear, that baby is tiring you. Let Leo ring for the nurse."

Mrs. Davenal laughed, and was about to say that the baby did not tire her and she would rather keep him, when Dick burst in.

"It's coming down the road; it will be here in a minute. Look, Aunt Bett!"

He dashed across the room to the window as he spoke. Example is contagious, and they all followed him. One of the Thorndyke carriages was drawing up to the door. Excitable Dick quitted the window and flew down again.

They were soon in the room. Sara with her sweet face, at rest now, and Oswald behind her. A few moments given to greeting, and Sara had taken the baby, and Oswald was shaking hands with his brother.

"I had no idea we should find you here, Mark."

Mark answered something which nobody could catch, and Captain Davenal came in.

"Is Henry Oswald with you?"

"No," said Oswald. "He will be in Hallingham to-morrow. He sadly wanted us to stay longer with him, Miss Bettina, and go on straight to London from Thorndyke. What would you have said to that?"

"Thank you," said Miss Davenal, hearing it was impossible to say what. "I shall be happy to see him."

"And so, Leo, we are soon to lose you!" whispered Sara, bending down to him.

"We start from this to-morrow, Sara."

"To-morrow! So soon!"

"It's not soon enough," put in Mark. "I don't like being in Hallingham."

"Have you seen your old friends, Mark?" asked Oswald. "Have you been out much?"

"I have not been out at all, and I have seen none of them," responded Mark, gloomily. "I don't want to see them."

"How's Mr. Barker? Have you heard from him lately?"

"I heard the day before I came here," replied Mark, a shade of brightness rising to his countenance. "Barker has all the luck of it in this world. He is in something good again."

"Again!" repeated Oswald, suppressing his inclination to smile.

"So he writes me word. It's something he has taken in hand and is going to perfect. If it comes to anything I shall return from Barbadoes and join him."

"Oh," said Oswald. "Well, Mark, I hope you will have a pleasant voyage out there, and that you will find your sojourn all you can wish."

Dinner would soon be ready, and Sara was shown to her room. It overlooked the abbey graveyard. She took off her bonnet and stood there, lost in many reminiscences of the past, in the changes that time had wrought, in the uncertain contemplation of the future. What would be poor Mark Cray's future? Would he abide at Barbadoes, applying himself, as well as his abilities allowed him, to the pursuit of his legitimate profession?—or would his unstable, weak mind be dazzled with these illegitimate and delusive speculations to the end until they engulfed him?

How strangely, wonderfully had they been brought through changes and their accompanying trials! In this very room, where she now stood, Oswald had been born. The poor little boy, sent adrift as may be said without a home, motherless, as good as fatherless, had worked out his own way in the world, striving always to make a friend with God. Ah, when did it ever fail! It is the only sure help in life.

And what had her own later troubles been; her cares, anxieties, sorrows! Looking back, Sara saw great cause to reproach herself: why had she so given way to despair? It is true that she had never, in a certain sense, a degree, lost her trust in God: but she had not believed there could be this bright ending. A little ray of the setting sun was reflected on the tombstone formerly noticed; it fell on the significant inscription, "Buried in misery." Sara wondered whether he, the unhappy tenant, had ever learnt that great trust.

So lost was she in thought that she did not notice any one had come into the room, until a hand was laid upon her shoulder. It was her husband's. He put some letters down in the broad, old-fashioned window-seat.

"They have been sent on to me here from the office," he explained, as Sara glanced at them. "Business letters, all. In one there's a bit of gossip, though: in Allister's."

"Is one of them from Allister?"

"Yes. Jane's going to be married. They have met with some Scotch gentleman out there, an old acquaintance of Jane's, and things are settled: Frank says his tongue is broad Scotch, and he can't understand half he says. Jane does, however, so it's all right."

A smile played upon Sara's lips, as she thought of the old jealousy. She might tell her husband of it some time.

"Does Mr. Allister keep well?" she asked.

"He has been quite well ever since he went there: *he* says very strong. I hope it has set him up for life. What were you thinking of so deeply, Sara, that you did not hear me come in?"

"At the moment I was thinking of that evening when you and I met there, in the graveyard," she answered, pointing down to it. "What a miserable evening it was!"

"Don't dwell on it, love. *I* cannot, without a pang of shame."

"Nay, but it is pleasant to look back upon now, Oswald. If only to contrast that time with this."

He shook his head with a sort of shiver, and relapsed into silence, his hand clasping her.

"Oswald," she resumed in a low tone, "*won't* you tell me what your suspicion was?"

"I will tell you some time, Sara; not now. Oh, my wife, my wife, how much is there in the past for many of us to repent of!" he continued in what seemed an uncontrollable impulse. "And it is only through God's mercy that we do repent."

She laid her head upon his shoulder and let it rest there. Its safe-abiding place, so long as the world, for them, should last.

Only through God's mercy! My friends, may it be shed on us all throughout our pilgrimage in this chequered life, and ever abide with us unto the end! Fare you well. THE END.

☞ A McClellan man wheeled a Lincoln man through the streets of Springfield, Mass., in compliance with the terms of an election bet. The wheeler wore, (also per agreement,) a necklace of six full blown bladders. The wheeled sat in his low-backed car, smoking calmly, and an immense crowd saw the sight. The next day the city authorities fined the wheeler $7 for driving a wheelbarrow on the sidewalk.

☞ The Paleontologist finds no trace in nature of the golden age of the world of which the poets delighted to sing, when all creatures lived together in unbroken peace, and war and bloodshed were unknown. Ever since animal life began upon our planet, there existed, in all the departments of being, carnivorous classes, who could not live but by the death of their neighbors, and who were armed, in consequence, for their destruction, like the butcher with his axe and knife, and the angler with his hook and spear.

☞ The judgment of Solomon was only a case of splitting heirs!

SOLDIER ITEMS.

STIMULANTS AND TONICS.—Chew a pinch or two of green tea when exhausted, or when on guard, or when on special hard duty, and repeat every half hour, more or less; it enlivens without the subsequent debility of spirits. Cayenne pepper, called "capsicum," acts similarly; a pinch at a time will modify that excessive weariness or sleepiness, and is far more powerful than tea, in all its good effects, while its convenience for carriage, in point of bulk, renders it the most valuable substance that a soldier can carry, as to nourishment, thirst, or invigorating powers. A single pinch in a cup of "flat" water will make it quite palatable. A third of a teaspoonful taken at meals, morning, noon, and night, with the food or drink, not only invigorates digestion, but is a great antagonizer of dyspeptic and all bowel complaints in armies.

STOCKINGS.—The feet will be blistered by a six hours' march in cotton stockings. Wear woollen, rubbing the soles with tallow or soap, if you can, when a heavy march is in prospect.

FOOD.—One pound of sugar mixed with three pounds of ground wheat or corn, (with the bran,) called "*Pinole*," is one of the most nutritious and healthy articles of food in the world for an army, and is easily carried. Jerked beef is next, made by cutting fresh beef in strips, and drying them in the sun, with as little salt as possible. It will keep good a year.

ARMY BEVERAGES.—Col. Dawes, an experienced East Indian officer, says that coffee and tea should take the place of liquors, and that every man should have some as soon as he gets up in the morning, and also at sundown. During the Crimean war it was found that when the soldiers obtained warm coffee, they sustained fatigue and were comparatively healthy; but when they were in the trenches, and could not get warm tea or coffee, they were subject to dysentery or bloody flux.

SWALLOWING POISON.—Stir in a glass of water a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and kitchen mustard, and drink it instantly—this will empty the stomach in a minute. To antagonize any poison that may be left, swallow the whites of two or three eggs; then drink a cup or two of very strong coffee, or as much sweet milk or cream, if impossible to get coffee.

POISONED VINES.—Apply a paste made of gunpowder, or sulphur, with milk; renew night and morning until cured. Live on gruel, soups, rice, and other mild food, having the bowels to act twice a day.

SIGNS OF DEATH.—Bury no man unless his head is off, or the abdomen begins to turn green or dark—the only sure signs, but always sure, of actual death.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—Four or five drops of perchloride of iron will check completely the flow of blood from all except the largest arteries. Half a teaspoonful will arrest even their bleeding. Each non-commissioned officer should have two ounces of this in a flat tin bottle, wound around with a little cotton batting, on a bit of which the liquid could be dropped for application.

OBEDIENCE is not servility—it is a high duty; it is not cowardly, but proudly honorable in a soldier. If your officer speaks sharply, it is neither to insult nor to browbeat; it is to wake up attention, instant and implicit.

For every wounded soldier taken to the hospital in the Crimean war, twelve were taken on account of disease—disease which could be avoided in more than half the cases, by such care as the soldier can take of himself, as directed in these pages. Of the 15,000 lives lost in the Mexican war, only 1,548 were from battle. The United States Sanative Commission report that 104 soldiers became sick to each 1,000 in the present war.

SHIRTS.—A distinguished British Army Surgeon says: "More than one-half of all army diseases in warm countries are owing to the exposure of the abdomen to changes of temperature. Shirts should reach the thigh.

INNER CLOTHING.—Every garment which touches a soldier's skin should be woollen in all seasons, most important in the warmest weather. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this one item to the health of an army.

LIMESTONE WATER.—One teaspoonful of vinegar in a pint of such water, will antagonize all its ill effects on the bowels of those unaccustomed to it.

DIRTY WATER.—As much powdered alum as will rest on a dime, stirred in a pail of water, will clarify it in five minutes.

SAVING LIFE.—In the first seven months of the Crimean campaign, the soldiers died at the rate of 60 out of 100 per annum, while for the last five months of the war not so many soldiers died of disease as at home, owing to a more systematic and rigid attention to five things:—1st. Selecting healthful camps. 2d. Enforcing strict cleanliness. 3d. Avoiding *unnecessary* exposure. 4th. Proper preparation of healthful food. 5th. Judicious nursing.

A TRUE SOLDIER is considered one of the highest types of a man. But that officer merits not the name or the title he bears who does not make the comfort and health of his men a subject of unceasing thought, and of the most indefatigable effort.

CAMP GROUNDS.—An elevation is a hundredfold better than a flat or a hollow; open ground better than among trees; better for health, safer from surprise, and stronger for attack and defence, even if it is calculated to stay but a few hours. Let the tent face the south, the top screened with brushwood, and, if practicable, with a floor of boards three inches above the ground, and a ditch around the tent six or eight inches deep.

DRINKING WATER improperly has killed thousands of soldiers. If possible, avoid drinking anything on a march. If you must drink, the colder the water the less it will satisfy thirst.

☞ Half a glass of water drank in sips, swallowing each sip, with a few seconds interval, will more effectually satisfy thirst, and that without any danger, than a quart taken in the usual manner at one draught. It is greatly safest, *while marching*, to rinse the mouth only, but do that to the utmost extent desired, spirting out the water as soon as it becomes warm. Chewing even a stick or pebble moderates thirst.

MITTENS, for cold weather, should have a thumb and one finger, the other three fingers together, so as to use the trigger handily.

BOWEL AFFECTIONS are said to be cured, if at all curable, by drinking from one-half to four half pints of a tea made of the inner bark of the sweet-gum tree, boiled until of the taste and color of strong coffee, with or without sugar, cold or hot. The tree abounds southward.

CROMWELL'S DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—Immorality and irreligion are among the great evils of war. Knowing this, every Christian should be most diligent, not only in prayer for the soldiers, and in furnishing them with religious privileges in the camp, but in cherishing a strong and enlightened public religious sentiment. Public sentiment is a powerful stimulant to moral principle, as well as to patriotic feeling. A country sometimes suffers immensely after a war is over from the murders, robberies, thefts, and other depredations and immoralities of its own discharged soldiers. The principles and habits of the camp follow, or rather accompany, the men through life. In this aspect of the case, it becomes not only Christians who feel for men's immortal welfare, but it becomes all who have personal interests at stake, all who have properties or families to preserve, to see to the character of the camp. Cromwell kept up religion in his army. He had chaplains, prayers, Sabbaths, preaching, Bibles, psalm-books, and withal as brave men as ever went into battle. And after their return to private life, history, in recording their heroic deeds, bears this testimony to their moral worth: Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world. In a few months there remained not a track indicating that the most formidable army in the world had been absorbed into the mass of the community. The royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry, the discarded warrior prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms, and that, if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

General Scott's Autobiography.

General Scott's Autobiography is appearing in scraps before the public. The following are extracts from it:

"A HASTY PLATE OF SOUP."

Here is the origin of the phrase "a hasty plate of soup:"

"At the commencement of the Mexican war Scott usually—as always in troublous times—spent from fifteen to eighteen hours a day in his office, happened, upon being called upon by the Secretary of War, to be found absent. In explanation Scott hurriedly wrote a note to say that he was back in the office, having only stepped out for the moment to take—regular meals being out of the question—'a hasty plate of soup.' This private note being maliciously thrown into party newspapers, all the witlings—forgetting their own *hasty* pudding—fastened upon it with much glee, and also tried their clumsy wit on the phrase 'conquer a peace;' but not *after* the early fact, as also on the 'fire upon the rear;' but never *after* the fire of the enemy and that of the administration, on front and rear, had been silenced by the campaign of 1847."

HOW VICTORIES ARE JUDGED.

"When the victory of Buena Vista reached Major General Brooke, (a noble old soldier,) commanding at New Orleans, and a friend of Major General Taylor, he rushed, with the report in hand, through the streets to the Exchange, and threw the whole city into a frenzy of joy. By and by came the news that the stars and stripes waved over Vera Cruz and its castle, and Brooke, also a friend of mine, was again eager to spread the report. Somebody in the crowd called out, 'How many men has Scott lost?' Brooke was delighted to reply, 'Less than a hundred.' 'That won't do,' was promptly rejoined. 'Taylor always loses thousands. He is the man for my money.' Only a few faint cheers were heard for Vera Cruz. The long butcher's bill was wanted. When I received friend Brooke's letter giving these details, I own that my poor human nature was piqued for a moment; and I said, 'never mind, Taylor is a Louisianian. We shall in due time hear the voice of the middle, the northern and eastern states. They will estimate victories on different principles.' But I was mistaken. The key-note raised in New Orleans was taken up all over the land."

A REPENTANT TORY.

While in Paris, after the war, General Scott met Lady Johnson, formerly Miss Franks, of Philadelphia, and a violent tory during the revolutionary war.

"On presentation he was transfixed by her eager but kindly gaze. 'Is this the young rebel?' were her first words. 'My dear, it is your countryman,' said Sir Henry, fearing that Scott might take offence. 'Yes, it is,' she quickly added, 'the young rebel, and you have taken the liberty to beat his majesty's troops.' Scott, by a pleasant word or two, parried the impeachment as well as he could, but the lady followed up the accusation with specific references, which surprised not a little. Scott soon found himself seated by her side, with a hand clasped in both of hers—cold and clammy as in the article of death. Taking a sudden turn, she exclaimed, with emphasis: 'I have gloried in my rebel countrymen!' Then pointing to heaven with both hands she added, in a most affecting tone: 'Would to God I, too, had been a patriot.' A gentle remonstrance was interposed by the husband, who had been carried away by sympathy up to this moment. Turning now upon him, she said, with the earnestness of truth, 'I do not, I have never regretted my marriage. No woman was ever blessed with a kinder, a better husband; but I ought to have been a patriot before marriage.' Here were the only dry eyes of the party."

A pleasant story is told of a thief who refused to steal the General's medal:

"This medal chanced to be temporarily in the City Bank of New York, for safe keeping, when two thieves, in a night's work, took from that institution $260,000. The medal was lying in a trunk of gold. All the coin was stolen, but the medal, though taken out of its case (marked with the owner's name, to gratify curiosity,) was left. A few years later, when the robbers had served out their sentence in the State prison, or been pardoned by the executive, Scott was, in a steamer on the Hudson, robbed of his purse by pickpockets, who did not know him. The principal of the bank robbery hearing of the loss ($140) bestirred himself among the fraternity, threatened to cause the whole body to be sent to the State prison if the money was not returned, and added, 'When in the City Bank I saw the medal, but was not such a villain as to rob a gallant soldier.' In a day or two the money was returned by Hays, the high constable, with that report, received from a third party. To show that he did not himself pocket the money, Hays was required to produce Scott's written receipt for its return—which was given."

☞ Death has nothing terrible in it, but what life hath made so.

A Romance in Real Life.

AN ABDUCTED DAUGHTER DISCOVERED AFTER AN INTERVAL OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS—AN HEIRESS.

The Taunton (Mass.) Republican is responsible for the following story. It is romantic enough to form the plot of a sensation story.

"A romance in real life has just come to light, and is at present the chief gossip of this city. The facts, as related by an intimate acquaintance of the fortunate family, are as follows:

"It appears that about twenty-seven years ago a Captain Brown, whose family resided in Mattapoisett, was the overseer of the estate of Mr. Henry E. Clifton, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Va. From some cause, which still remains a secret, a difficulty arose between Captain Brown and Mr. Clifton, wherein the former considered himself the aggrieved party. To revenge himself for the supposed wrong, he stole Mr. Clifton's infant daughter (then but six weeks old) on the day she was christened. The child was brought to Mattapoisett, and secretly adopted by Brown and his wife as their own. She was named Julia, and grew to be a woman. When only sixteen years old, she married Mr. Isaac O. Pierce, a printer, who learned his trade in Fall River. Several years ago they moved to Taunton, living for a while in East Taunton, but more recently at the Green. Two children have been born to them, one of whom is now living.

"During this long period Mrs. Pierce has lived in blissful ignorance of her high parentage, and Mr. Pierce, who took her for better or worse, had never imagined himself the husband of an heiress. He abandoned the printer's trade shortly after learning it, and for several years has earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow at Mr. Mason's works, in this city. This is their history until within a very short time. Now comes the denouement.

"Last summer, while Rev. Mr. Talbot, of this city, was at Saratoga, he became acquainted with Mr. Clifton and wife, who, it appears, at the breaking out of the rebellion converted their Richmond property into cash and moved to Baltimore. In the course of conversation with them Mr. Talbot remarked upon the striking resemblance of Mrs. Clifton to a lady parishioner of his in Taunton. Nothing particular was thought of it at first, but on his repeating the remark Mrs. Clifton inquired the age of the lady. On being informed that she was about twenty-seven Mrs. Clifton immediately said to her husband, 'Why, that would be just the age of our daughter that was stolen.'

"The matter then received their serious attention. Mr. Talbot was taken into their confidence and inquiry instituted as to the reputed parents of the young lady. He returned to Taunton, had a conversation with Mrs. Pierce in regard to her parentage; informed her of the Saratoga conversation, which led her to ask Mrs. Brown, who she had never doubted was her own mother, if she really were such, at the same time telling her the reason of the inquiry. Mrs. Brown, who had kept the secret of the child's parentage for twenty-seven years, was so overcome by the question and the development of facts that she immediately became ill and died of the heart disease. Before her death, however, she acknowledged that Mrs. Pierce was not her own daughter. Captain Brown died a number of years ago. Within a few weeks the affair has developed itself rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton and Mrs. Pierce have met each other, and the old colored woman who nursed the abducted infant has recognized Mrs. Pierce as their real child by a mole on her shoulder. The identity of their long lost daughter having been fully established, Mrs. Pierce and her husband have been invited to live with the Clifton's and share in their wealth; and this they are preparing to do, having broken up housekeeping and disposed of their furniture.

"The cream of the affair is, that Mrs. Pierce is an only child, and therefore sole heiress to an estate said to be worth hundreds of thousands, if not millions of dollars, or, as an old lady friend of Mrs. Pierce expresses it, 'a *trifle* less than two millions.' It having been rumored that Mrs. Pierce had applied for a divorce from her husband, she has published a card indignantly denying the slander."

☞ G. W. Treadway, of Fayette county, Ind., was accidently shot in Tipton county some days ago, under circumstances which mark the case as a singular one. Mr. Treadway was out hunting with a friend, and a pheasant flew up before him and lit in a tree. His friend fired his rifle, and the ball, after killing the pheasant, struck something in the tree, glanced downward, and struck Mr. T. in the heart, killing him instantly.

☞ "Look out for rats," says the Machias Republican. Mrs. Stephen Berry, of that town, cried out in her sleep a few nights since, that some one had cut her throat. She was covered with blood, and on close inspection it was found that a rat had bitten the side of her neck and ear severely. The sharp tooth varmint also attacked a child in an adjoining room.

☞ Mr. Felt, of Salem, proposes to run his type-setting machine by steam. If somebody will only invent a machine editor, we'll all retire, printers and editors together.

☞ The rebels were evidently not born to rule the waves. Since the commencement of the war they have lost twelve iron-clad vessels, to say nothing of rebel cruisers sunk or captured.

☞ CURIOUS BRIDAL CUSTOM IN NORTHUMBERLAND.—A woman, when she marries, always, as a part of her trousseau, procures her grave clothes, and these are put away, and from time to time carefully aired, until they are needed. In moments of gloom, a woman will take them out and try them on, and find comfort in the inspection of the mourning linen.—*Murray's Handbook.*

☞ A gentleman of our acquaintance, who is sometimes extremely unfortunate in the selection of his phrases, remarked at a party lately, in the hearing of the mamma of the "belle of the evening," who had just risen from the piano: "Yes, she is, indeed, a nice charming girl, a very nice creature"—alas! screecher!

☞ STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS'S PROPERTY.—The general impression that the late Stephen A. Douglas died insolvent turns out to be incorrect. On Monday last the executor presented receipts to the County Court of Chicago, showing that he had paid over $7,500 to Mrs. Douglas, and over $7,000 to the two children, after liquidating all demands against the estate.

☞ Ephraim and Lydia Ann Harner, of Germany township, Adams county, lost five children by death, between the 28th of October and the 5th of November. Their ages ranged from three to fourteen years. The disease was diphtheria.

Siberia.

From a paper on China, Mongolia, and Siberia, read before the British Association, we learn some interesting facts:

"Siberia, generally speaking, remains a vast primeval forest, through which avenues have been cut to form roads. The soil is for the most part fertile, and the country blessed with numerous great navigable rivers. Steam-tugs are beginning to be introduced, and the author found steamers on the Irtish as high as the town of Omsk. The principal towns of Siberia are large, elegant, and wealthy, and the country is generally prosperous, wanting only population to develope its natural advantages. Scholars and artists find occupation in colleges and seminaries, which are liberally supported. The Sclavonic inhabitants are the descendants of exiles, but these were not necessarily of the criminal class. The freedom they enjoy, and the opportunities of gathering wealth, have elevated the character of the Siberian peasantry. The absence of serfdom has been the chief cause of their improvement, and its abolition in Russia proper may in course of time produce like results there. Indeed, an improvement is already perceptible in the intelligence, self-respect and industry of the emancipated serfs. The electric telegraph has been carried as far as the town of Irkutsk, three thousand eight hundred miles from St. Petersburg. A branch line will shortly be erected from Irkutsk to Kiachta.

"The author could not reconcile the accounts he had read of the treatment of the Polish political exiles with what he saw in Siberia. He found them invariably received with the highest respect, both by government officials and the public generally. Being for the most part men of education, they at once take up their proper position in society. When a party of exiles arrive at the residence of a governor who has the disposal of them, they are generally at once introduced to his family and are put on a footing of free intercourse. Of those condemned to work in the mines many are never sent there at all, and those who are find the penalty generally mitigated. Siberia offers a fair field for the talents of the exiles; the road to fortune is open to them, and many rise to eminence."

☞ The rope trick of the Davenport Brothers is an old thing, according to the King of Oude, who says that in India it used to be performed after this fashion: the performer was tied neck and feet and put into a sack, the mouth of which was carefully secured; he was then thrown into deep water, from which he emerged swimming, free from both ropes and sack. A London paper urges subjecting the Davenport Brothers to this test.

☞ It is said that Madame Vestris, the famous English actress, used to have her white satin boots sewed on her feet every morning, in order that they should fit perfectly the exquisite shape of her exquisite foot. Of course they had to be ripped off every night, and the same pair could never be worn but once. She is said to have made more conquests with her *feet* than with her *face*, beautiful as it was.

☞ SCOTT'S OPINION OF GRANT.—Gen. Grant, when in New York, paid a visit to Gen. Scott. When General Grant was about to take his departure, General Scott arose, took a copy of his autobiography, which has just been published, and wrote on the fly-leaf—

"From the oldest to the ablest General in the world. WINFIELD SCOTT."

This he presented to Lieutenant General Grant.

☞ A St. Louis paper says: "There are not less than 200,000 persons in Missouri this day, who are little better than paupers, not knowing where to get food to maintain them through the winter."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is dull. Sales 8000 bbls at $10.50@11.25 for extras and $11.25@12.25 for low grade and choice extra family, chiefly of the latter; superfine in small lots at $9.50@10.25, and fancy brands at $12.50@13 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce, with small sales of the former at $9 ℔ bbl. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are reported at $4.75@5 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are light; sales 20,000 bus at $2.50@2.55 for Pennsylvania and Western reds, $2.55@2.60 for good and choice Southern do, and $2.70 to $2.80 for fair to prime white. Rye is selling at $1.70@1.72. Corn—Sales 20,000 bus, at $1.75@1.80 for old yellow, $1.55@1.65 for new do, as to condition, and $1.75 for old white. Oats—About 30,000 bus sold at 90c for Delaware and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market is steady. Sales of barrelled meats at $40@42 for Mess Pork, and $18@28 for Mess Beef. Bacon—Sales limited at 20@22c for plain and fancy Hams, 20@21c for Shoulders, and 21@22c for Sides. Of Green Meats, small sales are reported at 20½@21½c for Hams in salt and pickle, and 18c for Shoulders. Lard—Sales at 23½@24c for tierce, and 21@22c in regular packages. Butter is selling at 45@48c for roll, and 38@55c for packed, as to quality, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is steady at 18@20c. Eggs are quiet at 49@44c ℔ dozen.

COTTON is firmly held. Sales at $1,20@1,28 for ordinary, and $1,30@1,35 for middling to good middling quality.

BARK—1st No 1 is steady, with sales of 30 hhds at $45 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark is firm.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is held at 75c ℔ lb.

COAL—Orders come in slowly and there is only a limited business doing to supply the eastern markets; prices range at 9@9,50 ℔ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE is unsettled and lower. Sales 600 bags, mostly Rio, at 41@44c.

FEATHERS are quiet at 85@87c ℔ lb for good Western.

FRUIT is moving of freely at $4@5 ℔ bbl for Green Apples and $13@16 ℔ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Apples and Peaches sell freely at 10@11c for the former and 20@22c for the latter, unpared quarters.

HAY—Baled is selling at $28@30 ℔ ton.

HOPS are dull at 45@55c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal has fallen off. Sales 800 tons, mostly forge, at $55 for a favorite brand. Foundry is held at $60, cash. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull.

LUMBER is dull. White Pine moves off at $30@32, Yellow Sap Boards at $26@27, Lehigh Hemlock do at $23, and White Pine Shingles at $22@25 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is dull and drooping.

PLASTER is dull at $4,50 ℔ ton.

RICE—Sales at 13¾@13¾c ℔ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is little or no Clover seed offering. Timothy is quiet at $5 ℔ bus. Of Flaxseed sales are reported at $3,45@3,50 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but inactive, and N E Rum steady at previous quotations. Whiskey is firmer at 176@178c for Penna and Western bbls, and 175c for Drudge.

SUGARS are inactive but steady; sales 200 hhds, mostly Cuba, at from 18¾ to 20c.

TALLOW—Sales Western at 17c, and city 17½c.

WOOL—There is a fair inquiry for medium fleece and pulled, and about 200,000 lbs have been disposed of in lots at 100@110c, mostly at 105c for Kersey Wool. Tub is firm and selling at 125@130c. Yarns continue in request, with moderate receipts and sales at 165@170c ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2600 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15,00 ℔ 100 lbs. 4500 Hogs at from $15,50 to 17,00 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—9000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8 cts ℔ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ℔ head.

Queen of Scots.

Her large sharp features might perhaps have been thought handsome rather than beautiful, but for the winning vivacity and high joyous spirit which beamed through them. It has been questioned whether her eyes were hazel or dark grey, but there is no question as to their starlight brightness. Her complexion, although fresh and clear, would seem to have been without the brilliance so common among our island beauties. Her hair appears to have changed with her years from a ruddy yellow to auburn, and from auburn to dark brown or black, turning grey long before its time. Her bust was full and finely shaped, and she carried her large, stately figure with majesty and grace. She showed to advantage on horseback, and still more in the dance. The charm of her soft, sweet voice is described as irresistible; and she sang well, accompanying herself on the harp, the virginals, and still oftener on the lute, which set off the beauty of her long delicate white hand.—*Memories of Mary Queen of Scots.*

☞ A gentleman of Wheeling, W. Va., went hunting a few days since, and not finding any better game, he took a shot at a lot of crows that were cawing in the woods. He wounded one of the birds in the wing, and when it fluttered to the ground the gentleman picked it up. The hurt bird cried most piteously, when suddenly the whole flock came to its assistance and made an attack upon the hunter. They fluttered about his head, and picked and scratched him with such violence, that he was obliged to defend himself with a stick, and was finally compelled to let the wounded crow go and beat a retreat.

☞ A farmer in Pennsylvania, whose sheep had been stolen for many years, offered a notorious sheep-stealer one hundred dollars a year to let his flocks alone. That worthy, however, only smiled, and said, "No, thank you—I think I can do better."

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oc22-12t

MILITARY AND NAVAL AGENCY.
Messrs. E. T. MATHEWS & Co. have established an Office at No. 806 Walnut street, Philadelphia, and will attend to all classes of claims against the State or United States Government. They give special attention to the collection of Bounty, Prisoners' Pay and Prize Money, and the establishment of Pensions. Having a Branch Office in Washington business placed in their hands is promptly attended to and collections speedily made. Letters answered always by return mail. 1t

☞ GRAY HAIR Restored to its Original and youthful Color.—BALDNESS PREVENTED.

London		Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.
London	No Dye.	Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.
London		Hair Color Restorer.

It does not require any washing or preparation before or after its use. It creates a perfectly healthy state of the scalp by acting as a stimulant and tonic to the organ necessary to supply coloring matter to the hair, and completely restores them to their original color, vigor and strength. It is entirely different from all other Hair Preparations, and is the ONLY KNOWN RESTORER OF COLOR AND PERFECT HAIR DRESSING COMBINED.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. dec3-eow

FITS! FITS! FITS!
Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of Curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.
Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 168 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. dec3-6teow

TETTER, ITCH, SCALD HEAD, ALL ERUPTIONS.
Dr. Swayne's All-healing Ointment Cures the most obstinate cases, no matter of how long standing. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail. dec3-eow

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR is invaluable to sufferers from Sick Headache and Nausea or sickness at the stomach. One trial will demonstrate its efficacy.

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR will relieve those subject to restlessness at night. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, Druggist and Chemist, 24 South Second st., below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

THE MIASMA AND FOUL VAPORS generated by the hot sun will be far more deadly to our volunteers than the enemy's bayonets. In the Indian and Crimean campaigns, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS were used in enormous quantities. They kept the troops in perfect health. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 60 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—All styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are widely known as an established remedy for *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness*, and other troubles of the *Throat* and *Lungs*. Their good reputation and extensive use has brought out imitations, and similar preparations represented to be the same, which are generally injurious. OBTAIN only "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

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Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.
Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.
☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.
N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D. D., SAMUEL G. DE COURSEY to LIZZIE O., daughter of Andrew C. Barclay.
On the 14th of Nov., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, ALBERT LEDERMANN, Esq., to Miss MARY E. BOND, both of this city.
In Manayunk, on the 23d of Nov., by the Rev. A. Culner, Mr. JACOB SHERRY to Miss MARY F. HORNKETH, both of Roxborough.
On the 19th of Nov., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG to Miss MATILDA BOWEN, both of this city.
On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger, SILVESTER M. KOONS to LIZZIE STILLMAN, daughter of Richard Stillman, Esq., formerly of Bolton le Moore, England.
On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. T. E. Murphy, Mr. DAVID B. THOMAS, of New York, to Miss LIZZIE S. MCDOWELL, of Frankford.
On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. Rich. H. Newton, Mr. JOHN W. BOYD, Jr., to Miss ELIZABETH J. MCMILLAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Torresdale, on the 28d of Nov., RUTH, wife of Isaac Pearson, in her 68th year.
On the 23d of Nov., WILLIAM ROBINSON, of Co. A, 192 P. V., in his 19th year.
On the 23d of Nov., CATHARINE, wife of William Clair, in her 63d year.
On the 21st of Nov., Mrs. CATHARINE LECHLER, in her 80th year.
On the 21st of Nov., Mrs. ELIZABETH K. BROWN, wife of Lieut. Geo. Brown, in her 34th year.
On the 20th of Nov., Mr. GEORGE TAYLOR, in his 56th year.
On the 20th of Nov., JACOB T. TANNER, in his 47th year.
On the 19th of Nov., Mr. HENRY PRINER, in his 76th year.
On the 19th of Nov., JONATHAN BOWMAN, in his 59th year.
On the 19th of Nov., ELISABETH BENNERS, in her 72d year.
On the 19th of Nov., CATHARINE, wife of Bailey, Harwood, aged 32 years.

EYRE & LANDELL OFFER WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Best show of MERINOES in town.
Best show of POPLINS in town.
Best show of SILKS in town.
Best show of SHAWLS in town.
Best show of CLOAKS in town. mar12-1y

NEW BOOKS.
WINFIELD; THE LAWYER'S SON, AND HOW HE BECAME A MAJOR-GENERAL. A popular life of Major-General Hancock. Containing a correct Portrait, from a photograph furnished by his parents, and illustrations from drawings by White, and by General Hancock himself whilst a cadet at West Point. One of the most entertaining books for American youth yet published. Price $1 50.
SEASIDE AND FIRESIDE FAIRIES. Translated from the German of George Blum and Louis Wahl. By A. L. WISTER. Printed on the finest tinted paper. Handsomely illustrated by White and others. Bound in English vellum, gilt top, or full gilt back, $1 75.
BUSY HANDS AND PATIENT HEARTS; OR, THE BLIND BOY OF DRESDEN AND HIS FRIENDS. A most charming story, showing the beauty of love and patience, 65 cents.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY. Contains thirty-two large and elegantly colored Engravings. Square quarto. Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Reptiles. Four parts in one, bound in cloth, $4 00.
OLD NURSE'S BOOK OF RHYMES, JINGLES AND DITTIES. Cap 4to. Edited and illuminated by CHARLES H. BENNETT. With 90 Engravings handsomely colored. Bound in cloth, bright colors, gilt edges, $1 50.
CAW! CAW! OR, THE CHRONICLE OF THE CROWS. With 15 large colored Illustrations, in handsomely covered covers, 35 cents.
LAUGH AND GROW WISE. By the Senior Owl of Ivy Hall. Sixteen large colored Illustrations. To match Caw! Caw! 35 cents.
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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. dec3-2t

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INSTRUCTION IN VOCAL MUSIC.
Use BASSINI'S ART OF SINGING: an Analytical and Practical System for the Cultivation of the Voice. This work is prepared on a rigidly scientific basis, and universally admitted to be the most desirable work for teachers and scholars. Price, for Soprano Voice, Complete, $1.00. Abridged, $3.00. For Tenor Voice, $4.00. Mailed, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
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AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NURSE AND SPY,
One of the most interesting and exciting books ever published. Embracing the adventures of a woman in the Union Army as Nurse, Scout and Spy. Giving a most vivid inner picture of the war. Just the book the people want. Agents are clearing from $10 to $20 per day. Send for Circulars.
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ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 19 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel8-1y

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CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address
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oct8-3m 27 BOND Street, New York.

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CAPITAL $500,000.
200,000 SHARES, WORKING CAPITAL, $25,000.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $2,50 PER SHARE.
Office No. 628 Walnut Street, Room No. 7.

The Company owns the following interests:

1. The entire working interest in a lease of three (3) acres, on the celebrated SMITH FARM, on Allegheny River, five miles below the town of Franklin. On this lease is situated the *Hibbs Well*, now producing *thirty* (30) *barrels daily*, half which belongs to this Company. The derricks for two more wells are now being erected, and operations will at once be commenced. This region of the Alleghany River has been found to be highly productive; the new well lately struck on the LEE FARM is producing *forty* (40) *barrels per day*; also the new well on BRANDON ISLAND, is now pumping *sixty* (60) *barrels daily*, and increasing, besides other wells of twenty and thirty barrels in the immediate vicinity.

2. One-eighth (⅛) free interest in all the oil obtained in a lease on the H. M'CLINTOCK FARM, on Oil Creek, on which lease is situated two wells, producing *eighty barrels per day*. On this lease *three wells are now being drilled and near completion*, from which the Company will receive the *one-eighth of the Oil*. The Farm is well known from the fact the M'CLINTOCKVILLE PETROLEUM COMPANY own the land interest.

3. The 1-64 working interest in the following described lots on the celebrated HYDE AND EGBERT FARM, on Oil Creek.

In lot No. 3, on which there is a well now being tested.
In lot No. 4, on which is situated the *Turtle Well*.
In lot No. 6. On this lot the new *Egbert Well* is now being drilled, and from the fact that it joins lot No. 7, on which is situated the *Keystone Well, No. 4*, lately struck, it is expected that a large flowing well will be obtained on this lot.
In lot No. 8. This lot is situated between lots 7 and 9, known as the KEYSTONE LEASES, which have proved themselves to be the very best of territory. On this lot is situated the *Gettysburg Well*, which is now being drilled deeper, as the tools which had been fast are removed, and from the indications a large yield is expected.
In lot No. 15, on which preparations are being made to sink a well.
In lot No. 19. This lot is particularly well situated, adjoining the celebrated lot No. 20, on which is situated the new Flowing Well *Coquette*, said to be producing *six hundred barrels per day*, (the striking of this well advanced the Maple Shade Co.'s Stock from $17 to $44 per share.) Preparations will be at once commenced to sink a well on this lot.
In lot No. 20, which is advantageously situated from its proximity to the Keystone Leases and the Jersey Well.
In lot No. 21, on which is situated the celebrated *Jersey Well*, now producing about 350 *barrels per day*. This is one of the largest flowing wells on the Creek.
In lot No. 30, on which is situated the *Kepler Well*. The HYDE AND EGBERT FARM is acknowledged to be one of the best producing farms in the whole region.

The following remarks are taken from the financial columns of the Philadelphia *Press*, of Nov. 15th, 1864:—

"The excitement in oil stocks is still increasing, and the price of some of the producing companies have materially advanced. We notice the companies situated on the Hyde and Egbert farm, which is considered one of the best on Oil Creek, having rapidly advanced within the last few days. This is owing to some large wells having been lately struck on this property, one flowing about a thousand barrels per day, and one flowing two hundred barrels per day. The entire yield of this farm is now between fifteen hundred and two thousand barrels per day, and some of the companies located on the "Maple Shade," "Hyde Farm," "Rock," "Egbert," and "Mineral," have had their incomes doubled by the above new wells going down on this farm, on one of which the largest oil crevice yet found is said to have been struck."

4. One-seventh working interest in 2 acres and 18 perches on Cherry Run, on which is situated the *Reed Well*, now producing some *300 barrels per day*. This well is one of the most reliable, and has been daily increasing, and the striking of it has proved the fact that Cherry Run property is among the most reliable and productive in the oil region.

5. The entire land interest in 12 acres, on Cherry Run, about three-fourths of a mile above the *Reed Well*. This property is well located, being all boreable, and *five wells are now being drilled on it, two of which are near completion*, and, according to the leases granted, *five more wells are to be commenced on the property within one hundred days from Nov. 1, 1864*. This interest is expected to increase the yield of the Company to a large amount.

6. Forty acres, in fee simple, on Cherry Run, above the 12 acres owned by the Company. On the adjoining farms, great activity now exists, derricks being erected and wells drilled. Two derricks are now erected, and the development of this property will be prosecuted vigorously.

The following extracts are from an editorial of the *Public Ledger*, Nov. 19, 1864:

"One of the most remarkable features about the present oil excitement is that, while the territory known to possess oil is so rapidly extending in area, the older settled portions where most oil has been drawn off, is daily rising in price. The price, too, is higher than ever, being eleven dollars and a half per barrel at the wells now. Yet, all around Oil Creek new areas have been added of far greater extent than those before known. The whole of Cherry Run may be said to have come into the market, since the beginning of the year, and is now considered the most valuable territory anywhere to be found. Wells are supposed never to fail on it."

The Company are now receiving from their *producing interests, fifty-four* (54) *barrels of Oil daily*, which will enable them to pay a handsome and prompt dividend on its capital, also an *interest* in *18 new wells in various stages of completion. Two on Alleghany River, from which they will receive half the Oil; three on* MCCLINTOCK FARM, from which they will receive *one-eighth the Oil; FIVE* ON CHERRY RUN, *half the Oil; TWO* ON CHERRY RUN, *all the Oil; and SIX* ON THE HYDE AND EGBERT FARM.

If these wells have but the usual success, the production to the Company will be increased to a large amount within the next ninety days. dec3-2t

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THE PERUVIAN SYRUP
(A protected solution of the protoxide of iron) supplies the Blood with its *Vital Principle* or *Life Element*, IRON, thereby infusing
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Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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Twenty young men wanted. Send red stamp. For particulars in full. HENRY ATWOOD,
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SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

TERMS, CASH.
Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.
☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
DEACON & PETERSON,
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STOCK AND EXCHANGE
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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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A Real Pain Extractor.
It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals
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By the almost unanimous action of the parties interested,
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MAKE WAR
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.
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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
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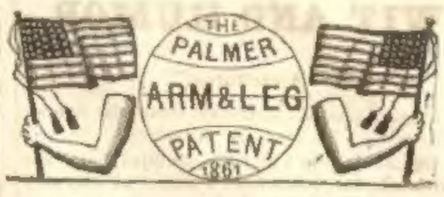

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DYSPEPSIA AND COSTIVENESS CURED.
D. J. TENNY'S CASE.—*New York Mentor*, January 14, 1860.—Whether the Brandreth Pill is ever convertible into blood, we will not now discuss. But our chief object at this time is to give a statement of a gentleman who says he has taken one of the Brandreth Pills, for at least sixteen months, daily, or about 480 days in succession, and who says that at the end of that time he considered himself cured of Dyspepsia, attended by a constant costive state of the bowels, which had troubled him for a long time.
This gentleman, Mr. Daniel J. Tenny, resides at the Astor House, in this city, and has been in the enjoyment of excellent health ever since he was cured by this treatment. He is an intelligent man, and there is no doubt of the truth of his statement. This proves, at least, that as many as one of the Pills prepared by Dr. Brandreth can be taken for nearly 500 days in succession without harm, and at the end of that time a dyspeptic and costive habit of body may be perfectly cured. This could not be said of any of the cathartics in use by those who style themselves the *Regular Faculty*.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. nov19-2teow

DR. TOBIAS'
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It cures Cholera, when first taken, in a few hours; Dysentery in half an hour; Toothache in five minutes. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and is recommended by the most eminent Physicians in the United States. Price 25 and 50 cts.
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Dr. S. I. Tobias, New York: Dear Sir—I have used your Venetian Liniment with great success, both as an internal as well as an external medicine. In cases of Bilious Colic and Cholera Morbus I regard it as a sovereign remedy. Your Venetian Horse Liniment stands unrivalled as a horse medicine among farriers and boatmen on this canal.
WM. LEWIS,
Superintendent North Branch Canal.
Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. nov19-2teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

Anecdotes.

From Paducah, Kentucky, comes the following:—

On the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, near the Tennessee line, there lived a merchant who also kept the Post-office, and of an evening his store would be full of his customers, eager to hear him read the news. While reading the paper to them one evening, he came to a paragraph as follows:—

"Owing to the large number of emigrants travelling westward, corn will probably command a very high price."

One old gentleman at this point interrupted him, and wanted to know what emigrant meant. The merchant stopped reading, and after studying for some time, answered, "Well, my friend, to tell you the truth, I don't know, but I believe they are an animal somewhere between a 'possum and a coon—anyhow, they're death on corn!"

Our "darling Lillie," of three years, while trying to get on her stockings one day, discovered a few hairs on her legs, when she exclaimed, "Mother, I think I shall be an angel soon, the feathers are beginning to grow!"

An officer of very small stature but very hasty temper was one day vehemently scolding at the first soldier of his company, a man of uncommon size. The soldier endured for some time patiently and even unconcernedly the storm of vituperations rising up to him from his diminutive chief. Finding, however, that instead of abating, the rage of his officer went on increasing, he quietly said to his next man, "John, go and fetch him a stool; I believe he wants to give me a box on the ear."

A simple bumpkin came into a grocer's shop in a village of Germany, where he was well known for his simplicity, just as the shop-keeper was measuring a pint of olive oil for a customer, who immediately went away with it.

"What sort of stuff is that you have just been measuring there, Mr. G——?" asked he.

"What, Johnny, don't you know? Why, you foolish fellow, that is champagne wine."

"Ah! is it? I didn't think champagne was so."

"Do you like champagne, Johnny?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; I never drank any in my life."

"Will you have a glass of it?"

"Oh, thank you; you are very kind."

The grocer filled a large tumbler with oil, and gave it to him. He drank it.

"Well, how do you like it, Johnny?"

"Why, I believe it is very good; indeed I do; but I think it is a little too rich for poor people only used to plain living."

"Have you relatives in the army?" asked a second lieutenant of a lady sitting in the car seat with him. "Yes." "Your husband?" "Yes, sir." "From what state?" "Illinois." "Illinois (patronizingly) has sent some fine troops, ma'am. Your husband wears a strap, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "Is he with the Potomac Army?" "Yes, sir." "May I inquire his name? I am acquainted with a good many *brother* officers there." "Certainly, sir—Ulysses S. Grant." (Exit lieutenant for smoking car.)

We were lying near Brandy Station last winter, and the officers of our staff endeavored to relieve the *ennui* of camp life by frequent visits to the fair secesh maidens of the surrounding country. One of our staff became quite enamored with a young lady in Culpepper, more noted for her secession ideas than for her beauty.

On one of his visits she requested the loan of some books, and the next day he sent over a parcel containing, among other books, Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." To his surprise the orderly returned with the books, and a message from the fair one that she "didn't want any of his nasty Yankee trash."

Not exactly understanding it, he rode over in the evening to inquire what was wrong. The young lady's eyes flashed as she demanded to know how he dared to insult her by sending her a book about "Lee's Miserables." She knew that Gen. Lee's men weren't as well dressed as the Yankees, but they weren't miserable one bit, and it was all a Yankee falsehood to say that they were.—*Harper's Monthly.*

The Lady's Repentance.

In the life of Dr. Raffles, just published, the following story is told in connection with a preaching journey in 1814:—"On our way from Wem to Hawkestone we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence:—A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and, in a few minutes, she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, 'Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband.' He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not.' She made him no reply, but, after a silence of a few minutes, she suddenly exclaimed, 'O, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room.' 'Then,' said he, 'we must go back and fetch it.' They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, 'Are you coming?' when she looked out of the window, and said, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;' then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke?"

☞ Artemus Ward says:—"If I am drafted I will resign. Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what keeps me under."

☞ "I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there."

DISCRIMINATION.

PUDGEBY.—"May I have the pleasure, Miss Lightfoot, for this waltz?"
MISS L. (promptly).—"Oh! very sorry—I'm engaged every waltz."
PUDGEBY.—"The next quadrille, then, may I—?"
MISS L.—"Well, you look a little more like a quadrille—must say. With pleasure!"

Young Housekeepers.

"Dearest in all the world are you;
But oh, how dear, love, meat is, too!
Our butcher's bill runs up so high!
Come tell me, Frederick, tell me why?"

"Why? Because rogues can only cheat
By weight, or price, in selling meat;
Can't, as in other things they can,
Mix rubbish with the food of man.

"Bread, milk and groceries, beer and wine,
'Tis seldom we get genuine;
But mutton must be sheep; a thief
Cannot adulterate his beef."

"Yes, love, indeed there's truth in that,
But then how large a lump of fat
They always skewer the meat around,
And charge it all the same a pound!"

Calculating Greenback Currency.

A Dutchman who keeps a country store in the neighborhood of Boston, had ten pieces of calico on his shelves when the prices began to advance. He sold out at the old rates, and said he—"When I went to de city to buy more, de money dat I got for my ten pieces of calico bought only eight. I took my eight pieces home, and marked a high profit on 'em, and sold dem fast enough, and when dey was all gone, I took my money and went to de city, and by dunder, it bought only six pieces. Well, tinks I, dis is making money backwards. But I took my six pieces home, and put an awful big profit on dem; and now, tinks I, I must make money like smoke. But when I got dem six pieces sold, I took de money I got for 'em to de city again, and thought I would get about twelve pieces, but the calicoes had gone up again, and I got only four pieces. Well, I took dem home, put on a much bigger profit as I did before, and thought now I makes a heap of money. But when I get dem sold and went after more, de calicoes had gone up again, and I hope I may never die if I got more as two pieces for my money. So here I was. I had ten pieces of calico when I started off to sell 'em, and here I am now mit only two pieces and no money. Why, I should haf been better off if I had shut up de store, keep my calicoes, and not sold dem at all."

A QUESTION.

I close my eyes, and once again
The old, old house and the cedar tree,
With its solemn shade on the moonlit lawn,
Clear as a vision comes back to me.

The red geraniums mourn for the sun,
Yet black they look in the moon's full light;
The loose white roses over the porch
Smell faintly sweet in the summer-night.

I go through the porch and through the hall,
And then I pause by the parlor door;
Half open it stands, and the moonlight streams
Through open windows upon the floor.

My love sits at the organ and plays,
A wild old melody strange and low,
Dreamily singing a ballad quaint,
One that I sung to her long ago.

Softly I steal to her side—she turns,
Breaking off in the midst of a line,
"Love, I was thinking of you," she says;
And then she puts both her hands in mine.

She never sings in the parlor now—
In perfect day, by the glassy sea,
She sings a song that the angels know,
But oh! does she ever think of me?

The Alps.

At first the Alps disappoint travellers. They expect something up in the skies, and are surprised to find that they can look at the highest summits without sticking their chins up into the air. That the range crossed by the Simplon and St. Gothard roads! Pheugh! And they sneeze at it with distant disdain. But they approach, and the great features grow; they lose sight of the summits; they mount; at last they begin to descend; but still the hills shut them in, and at last, when they issue in the plains of Italy and look back at the jagged ridge which shows itself against the sky, and remember the hours of wind and snow they spent in passing them, though by the simplest, easiest road, they pay a late tribute of complimentary retrospect to the loftiest mountain range in Europe.

☞ In Bavaria the new king is not merely a boy, but a boy who has been reared in such seclusion, that he never, it is said, had money in his pocket until he was eighteen years old.

☞ "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses; at a riper age, our companions; in old age, our nurses; and in all ages our friends."

THE MOTHER.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses, and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when he goes forth in his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter, with a woman, but with the mother it is always spring. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune!—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

OUR RECEIPT FOR CURING MEAT.—To one gallon of water, take one and one half lbs. of salt, one-third lb. of sugar, one-half oz. of saltpetre, one-half oz. of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clear. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

If this receipt is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if so good.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO ROAST BEEF.—Paper the top, and baste it well, while roasting, with its own dripping, and throw a handful of salt on it. When you see the smoke draw to the fire, it is near enough; take off the paper, baste it well, and drudge it with a little flour to make a fine froth. Never salt roast meat before you lay it to the fire, for it draws out the gravy. If you would keep it a few days before you dress it, dry it with a cloth, and hang it where the air will come to it. When you take up the meat, garnish the dish with horseradish.

BUTTER-MILK CAKE.—I should advise those ladies who live in the country, where butter-milk can be easily procured, to try the following recipe, which makes a very good light cake:—Into 2 lbs. of flour rub 1 lb. of butter, add ½ lb. currants, 2 oz. of candied peel, 1 pint of butter-milk, and ½ oz. of carbonate of soda. Mix and beat them well together, and bake in a tin.

AMBER PUDDING.—Line a pudding-dish with good puff paste. Take ¼ lb. of fresh butter, ¼ lb. loaf sugar, and 8 eggs. Take the yolks of the eggs, mix with the sugar and butter on the fire till it becomes thick but not boiling, whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, and mix with the other when cold. Put any sort of jam on the bottom of the dish, according to taste, and then pour the mixture of eggs, &c., over it, and bake it half an hour.

MITES IN CHEESE.—Cheese kept in a cool larder or cellar, with a cloth wrung out of clean cold water constantly upon it, will never have mites in it, or if it has this will soon destroy them, as also improve the cheese, keeping it always moist.

STAINS.—I believe every *metallic* stain may be removed by cyanide of potassium. I do not think verdegris can resist its solvent powers any more than marking-ink can. Make what chemists call a saturated solution and use it warm. A few drops put on with a small brush, and renewed every few minutes, will probably remove the stain in less than half an hour; after which, wash in plenty of water. But remember that it is a *deadly poison.*—W. S.

SAGO BIRD'S NEST.—Soak a gill of sago, and pour upon it slowly a quart of boiling water; pare and core some sour apples, and place them in a pudding dish; pour the sago over, and bake until the apples are soft. When cold, turn it out of the dish, and serve with sugar and cream.

TO MAKE SAUSAGES.—Meat 40 lbs., salt 1 lb., pepper 3 oz., sage ½ plat—pulverized, and molasses 1 teacupful.

SAGE ALE.—To one peck of green tomatoes, add eight onions and six peppers. Cut them in slices, sprinkle thoroughly with salt, and let them remain over night. In the morning drain off the juice, cover with vinegar, and boil five minutes. Again drain off the liquid, thus preventing fermentation. Then add a cup of sugar, mustard seed, and spices. Place in a stone jar and cover with cold vinegar. To all lovers of high seasoned condiments, this will prove desirable.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Keep a Cow.

How to keep a cow economically is a problem that many a family in the suburbs of all cities would be glad to solve. It must be done in connection with a garden. It is idle to think of pasturage. That is a waste of manure, and for the garden that is worth a considerable portion of the cash necessary to pay out for forage. If you have half an acre of ground you can keep a cow and grow all the vegetables you need by purchasing two tons of hay, or its equivalent, in a year. Indeed, we are not sure but you may get through with one, which is only half the allowance of the winter months. But you may gain the other by growing Indian corn as a second crop after all early vegetables, and with that you may have rye growing at the same time, which will give feed early in the spring, which may be cut in time to plant several other crops. Four square rods of corn, planted in close drills, just as early as possible, upon well manured ground, will give green food by the time the rye is gone. The stubble turned under gives a fair coat of manure. The corn will also be followed by another crop, not of corn, but some kind of vegetables for use or sale. For instance, cucumbers for pickles, and with these, sown about the 10th of August, a crop of white turnips, and with the turnips rye, for soiling and manure.

If you intend to make the garden in great part support a cow, keep no pig. Teach the cow to eat all the slops and garbage of the kitchen. Don't waste a leaf of cabbage, beets, carrots, parsnips, celery, nor any other green thing. Every pea and bean pod, and vine, and every potato or turnip paring, and every green corn-husk and cob, and even green potato tops, will be eaten with avidity by the cow in the stable. And in the stable you must keep her all the time. You need not fear any unhealthiness if you keep it cleanly. Let the floor be earth, and use fresh earth every day for bedding, and every day you will gain a pile of rich manure. With careful economy you will be surprised to see what a cow will learn to eat, and how cheaply you can keep a cow and a garden. Try it.

STEAM PLOUGHING IN ENGLAND.—The farmers in England are forming societies for the purpose of profitably employing the steam plough to cultivate their land. It is said to be vastly superior to the old system of ploughing by horse-draught. The time required in turning over the soil is so much reduced, that every advantage can be taken of the weather, and even wet days present no such obstacles to work with the steam plough as with the old one. The earth is more effectually turned over, and more thoroughly and exactly prepared for the reception of the seed; and, above all, money is saved not only in the cost of tilling, but in the enhanced value of the crops, resulting from the improved method of cultivation. Companies formed for ploughing and thrashing by steam, who rent to the farmers the use of their apparatus, and they are said to earn a very large dividend; so that the new system must be profitable to both the farmer and the ploughing company.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.—What are you doing with them? Do you let the wind blow them hither and thither? Do you not know they are well worth gathering, saving and using? To-day, during a ride, we saw German women raking them up by the roadside and filling bags with them. A wagon stood near, and they were to be taken to the suburban garden to help make early and ripe vegetables for city folks. The Germans are systematic economists; they know that these leaves contain inorganic matter necessary to plants—that it cannot be got so easily and abundantly in any other form—that for compost, litter for hog-pens, horse-stables, sheep-sheds, &c., there is nothing better—that for use in hot-beds in spring they are worth ten times the cost of gathering. And yet there are many farmers who will pay a great deal more for a foreign fertilizer which will not yield them so much real profit as the leaves that cover the ground, and which may be had for the gathering. Gather, store, and use the autumn leaves.

HOW TO DESTROY ANTS.—An agriculturist, M. Garnier, has just announced an infallible method for getting rid of ants. In a corner of his garden, infected with legions of these insects, he placed four saucers containing sugar and water, with the tenth of its weight of arsenic in the mixture. A number of ants immediately invaded the saucers, but were soon after perceived staggering away, as it were, and some being even engaged in dragging their dead comrades away. From that moment they disappeared from the garden, and on the following day not a single one was to be seen. How and whither this immense population emigrated in so short a time is a mystery which M. Garnier has been unable to clear up, and is inclined to attribute it to some mysterious instinct.—*Paris Letter.*

PACKING EGGS FOR WINTER.—Mrs. L. W. Slawson, of Kenosha, Wis., says she has kept eggs perfectly good and fresh till a year old in the following manner: She pours some wheat into the bottom of a barrel, and places the eggs, day by day as they are gathered, standing on the small end in the wheat. When that course is full, she pours another layer of wheat on the eggs and repeats the process. When the barrel is full it is covered and placed in a dry cellar. The barrel stands upon the end without turning, and the eggs are taken out as wanted. She says that it is not only unnecessary to reverse the barrel when packed, as recommended by some members of the club, but that it is injurious.

KEEPING CIDER.—A Mr. Hillsboro said at the Farmer's Club recently, that the best barrel of cider he ever saw had a handfull of alum put in it in November. It did not remain sweet, but the next summer was a most delicious drink. And another gentleman recommended the use of isinglass, both in the purification of cider and native wines. We have also seen flaxseed recommended.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ An elderly lady recently entered one of the principal dry goods stores in Springfield, Massachusetts, and asked to be shown some goods for a "child's dress." The clerk, in attendance displayed the fashionable goods for children's wear, but these not proving satisfactory, the clerk, to be guided in his selection, inquired the age of the child. "About thirty," was the innocent reply.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in last, also in first.
My 2d is in hunger, also in thirst.
My 3d is in gladness, also in grief.
My 4th is in bread, also in beef.
My 5th is in lead, also in gold.
My 6th is in coward, also in bold.
My 7th is in house, also in store.
My 8th is in window, also in door.
My 9th is in tender, also in tough.
My 10th is in smooth, also in rough.
My 11th is in heaven, also in earth.
My 12th is in death, also in birth.
My 13th is in thin, also in thick.
My 14th is in stone, also in stick.
My 15th is in swift, also in slow.
My 16th is in shovel, also in hoe.
My 17th is in heart, also in head.
My 18th is in powder, also in lead.
My whole is what makes war horrible.

Robbinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A bird.
A measure of land.
A carpenter's tool.
An ancient tyrant.
One who deceives.
A measure of length.
A boy's name.
An ornament of the ancient Persians.
A constellation of stars.
A genus of flowering plants.

My initials and finals constitute two important cities of the United States.

Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a vegetable.
My second is the whole duration of a being.
My third is a cunning device.
My whole was a line of English sovereigns.

Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR.

A Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find seven rational cube numbers, each greater than unity, and whose sum is equal to 8. D. ENGEL.

Carroll Co., Md.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The slant height of a conical cup is 10 inches; it is 5-64ths filled with water; and if a perfectly smooth ball 3 inches in diameter be let fall into the cup, it will just be immersed in the water. Required, the depth of the cup and the diameter of its top. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men, 297 miles apart, start simultaneously to meet. The speed of the one, per hour, always equals twice the fourth root of the distance he has gone, and that of the other three times the cube root of his distance travelled. In what time will they meet?

WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What's the difference between your great coat and a baby? Ans.—One you wear and the other you were.

☞ What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? Ans.—One is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.

☞ What is the difference between a boy running after a girl and running after a carriage? Ans.—One chases the miss and the other misses the chaise.

☞ What is the difference between the effect of catching cold and one of the Isles of Greece? Ans.—In the one case it is you cough, in the other it is Corfu.

☞ What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? Ans.—Noah's ark was a pretty high ark, but an archbishop is a hierarch (higher ark.)

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Seventy-second Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. RIDDLE—Reed, (Red, Ed, Deer.) DOUBLE REBUS—Mrs. Henry Wood, Verner's Pride. (Mogilkev, Rhine, Sag Harbor, Heron, Erie, November, Rasselas, Yelp, Weser, Obi, Orford, Danube.) CHARADE—Farewell. CHARADE—Jefferson, (Jeff, Far, Son.)

Answer to Reuben Barto's PROBLEM, published August 20th, is 2893.03 yards above the earth. Gill Bates.

This answer agrees with the author's except the decimal, which he gives 0.68.

James M. Greenwood sends the following answer to his PROBLEM published Sept. 10th:—Diameter of moon, 2112 miles.

Answer to DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM by Artemas Martin, same date:—Nos. 625, 576, 409, 225. A. Martin's answer to the latter is 105625, 104329, 64009, 15625.

Answer to P. Jewett's PROBLEM, Oct. 8th:—There were 8 wagons, 20 sleighs, 30 riders, 12 footmen, and 6 wheelbarrows. Each wagon had 27 cents, each sleigh 13 cents, each rider 9 cents, each footman 2 cents, and each wheelbarrow 5 cents. The tollman received for his day's service 40 cents. Morgan Stevens and W. Siverly.

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's, Oct. 8th:—51 9-10 miles. Morgan Stevens. S. G. C. gives 50.6591 miles.

Answer to A. Martin's, Oct. 8th:—1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, and 256. Morgan Stevens, W. Siverly, David Wickersham, Jas. M. Greenwood, and the author.